











English Reprints

THOMAS WATSON Poems

VIZ. :-

The 'EKATOMIIAOÍA or Paffionate Centurie of Love

[1582]

Melibœus, sivè Ecloga Inobitum, etc.

An Eglogue upon the death of Right Honorable
Sir Francis Walfingham

590

The Teares of Fancy or Love difdained

Posthumously published in 1593 From the unique copy in the collection of S. Christie-Miller, Esq.

EDWARD ARBER

ES A. BTC, LATE ENAMINER IN ENGLISH,
LANGUAGE LID LITERATOR:
TO THE UNIVERSITY OF
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Some Account of the Writings of THOMAS WATSON.





GIKE a diver returning from the deep, we here gladly present four lost Pearls of English Literature. The oblivion which has hitherto covered the name and works of Thomas Watson has been wholly Adequately acknowledged in his own time, he gradually became lost amidst the host of competitors for the Attention of the Nation: until he himself has become unknown even to

writers of Guides or Handbooks to English Literature; and his works have become among the scarcest of the scarce in our language. Not but what there have been a succession of Scholar-Critics from Steevens to Collier, who have understood and quoted him; and have commenced a reaction in his Nevertheless, it has come to pass, that Watson-singular and sweet Poet though he was-the author too of ten separately printed works, besides others which never came to the press: that this remarkable Poet has dis-

appeared from the ordinary Literary History of England.

Among assignable reasons for this: is the timidity or incapacity of most men for original discrimination and appreciation; and for the bold avowal of an unaccredited Poet. This liability not to understand, to inflict unintentionally the injury of neglect, is not uncommon. A teacher or interpreter seems ever to attend on the works of the highest literary creators; not so much from flaws in genius and creative power; as from the multiplicity of books, or from our want of judgment, or from our hesitation to venture an adequate recognition in the teeth of ignorance. It needed Addison to point out the superlative majesty of *Paradise Lost*: and Pope had to teach the English Nation the greatness of Shakespeare. Comparing greater with smaller things; there is need for some one to call attention to Watson. Let us join together in ascertaining his true position in the Story of English Mind. Let us re-store—after nearly three centuries of obliteration—his name, in golden letters, to the great Bead-Roll of the acknowledged Poets of Great Britain.

The forgetfulness of Watson is strikingly shown by the way in which his printed works have perished. No Public Library can pretend to a complete set of them. To reproduce-as far as they can now be reproduced-the four works here reprinted; recourse has been obligatory to two of the most celebrated private collections of English works in this country, those at Britwell and Stand Rectory: while I have been quite unable to meet with the Author's Amentas, his translation of Coluthus, or his Compendium Memoriae localis.

Further, in the $E\kappa\alpha\tau o\mu\pi\alpha\theta$ as will be seen below, there are references to works by Watson, which apparently never came to the press at all. These or any of them, if still in existence, have yet to be made known. It would be well if search should henceforward be made after these and other unprinted compositions that were possibly written by Watson, during the concluding

ten vears of his life.

Under all these circumstances; it is a matter for great congratulation that we can here present all admirers of true Poesy with four of Watson's works, one Latin, and three English, all complete; with the exception of two leaves in The Teares of Fancy, unfortunately wanting, but which, it is to be hoped, with a higher estimation of the Poet in future stimulating the search, will not be lost to us for ever.

What we now desire, is to give-more by way of temporary preface than any exhaustive enquiry, satisfying all reasonable interest-a short sketch of Watson's ascertained writings: leaving the Texts here presented, to the study, appreciation, and delight of every Reader.
To Anthony-a-Wood's account of his Life, we can add but little.

THOMAS WATSON, a Londoner born, did spend some time in this university, not in logic and philosophy, as he ought to have done; but in the smooth and pleasant studies of poetry and romance, whereby he obtained an honourable name among the students in those faculties. Afterward retiring to the metropolis, studied at common law at riper years. [Melibous and Aminta Gaudio are then referred to.] He hath written other things of that nature or strain, and something pertaining to pastoral, which I have not yet seen, and was highly valued among ingenious men, in the latter end of Q. Elizabeth. Ath. Oxon. i. 601. Ed. by Bliss. 1813.

As our Poet was but young on the publication of his Antigone in 1581, we may guess him to have been born about the time of Queen Elizabeth's accession in 1557, and consequently dying in 1592, to have finished his career in the prime of life, probably between forty and fifty years of age. His publications tell us, in one way or another, that he was of gentle blood; born in London; educated at Oxford; a student at law, probably a member of one of the Inns of Court; and that before 1581 he sojourned some while at Paris, probably associating there with the Walsingham family. In his Latin-English Eclogue Melibeus, he puts these lines into the mouth of Thomas Walsingham (Tityrus)—Thy tunes have often pleas'd mine eare of yore,

when milk-white swans did flocke to heare the sing, When milk-white swans did flocke to heare the sing. See p. 157. He appears to have returned to England, and to have employed some part if not all the remaining twelve years of his life, in the study of poetry and polite literature: publishing in that period five Latin and three English works, and leaving, without all doubt, behind him, considerable unpublished pieces in both these languages. One in Latin, Amintæ Gaudia, was published in 1592, immediately after his death: and The Teares of Fancy in 1593: others, we know from the $E\kappa\alpha\tau o\mu\pi\alpha Ulo$, to have been far proceeded with: while some few, as will be presently seen, did actually escape to light in Poetical

Miscellanies subsequently published.

Though Watson apparently took no degree at Oxford, he must have been a prodigious Student in those branches of knowledge to which he addicted himself. As regards languages, Greek, Latin, Italian, French, with his own mother tongue, were at his command. He made himself at home with the entire body of Greek and Latin poets, and consequently with the whole ancient Pagan mythology. He early occupied himself with translating Petrarch's Sonnets from the Italian into Latin; and seems to have delighted in many of the minor Italian poets of that school. WILLIAM BIRD and he first published Madrigals in English. With the works of Pierre de Ronsard, Estienne Forcadel, and other like French poets, he seems also to have been familiar. Chaucer is referred to at \$\rho\$, 41, and Spenser magnified in the beautiful Elegy at \$\rho\$, 473. So varied was his reading, so catholic his appreciation.

He wrote at first and chiefly in Latin, then the speech of Éuropean culture; afterwards and possibly to a less degree in English. In connection with this, we should recollect his date. Contemporary with Spenser and Sidney, and rather before Shakespeare. His works tell us of his aristocratic acquaintance, Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, Sir Philip and Lady Mary Sidney, the Walsingham family, and the like; and also of his literary friends, such as W. Camden, J. Lyly, M. Roydon, T. Achelee, G. Peele, who complimented him in verse; as well as Spenser, Whetstone and Ocklande to whom he rendered like tribute.

We now come to Watson's position among the English poets of his time. If English Imaginative Poesy were classified, it might group under three classes. The earliest in time—the Allegorical—represented by Chaucer, Gower, Stephen Hawes, Spenser, Giles Fletcher, and others. The next in our history—the Amatory—brought into England by Henry Howard, Earlief Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt, as will be seen in our approaching Reprint of Tottel's Mis-

Sir Inomas watt, as win to seen in our approaching reprint of Totles intercellany. The Dramatic—represented by Shakespeare and a host of others. Of these Watson belongs to the second group of Writers. He is, in the History of our Poesy, a lineal successor of Surrey and Wyatt. Among all English poems published during his lifetime, his English poetical works—if an opinion might be ventured—should rank next to Spenser. That is, he should be placed before Sidney as a Poet. Richard Barnfield in his Affectionate Shephearde, 1596, in upbraiding Love, thus refers to them all three. By thee great Collin lost his libertie,

By thee sweet Astrophel forwent his ioy; By thee Amyntas wept incessantly.

They are all equally original; each writing after a different manner, yet in power of gifts, genius, and learning, we would put Spenser first; Watson, second; and Sidney, third. Though the Amatory group of Poets imitated foreign authors more largely than those of the other two classes, yet it was not servilely done. Their close contact with some of the best foreign Poets did but bring out the good that was in themselves; and the reader of this Reprint will recognize in it some very choice English poetry.

We have now to chronicle year by year, such scattered notices of our Poet as we have been able to collect, merely expressing a hope that subsequent gleaners will be able to add much more to our knowledge of him and his works. We shall distinguish by (a) (b) (c) &c. such additional poems by Watson as are not included in the four texts here reprinted.

And here first, we must notice several works which are referred to in The

Εκατομ π α θ ία.

(a) "And where he mentioneth that once hee scorned loue, he alludeth to a peece of worke, whiche he wrote long since, De Remedio Amoris, which he hath lately perfected, to the good likinge of many that haue seene and perused it, though not fully to his owne fancy, which causeth him as yet to kepe it backe from the printe."-See I., p. 37.

(b) "The Authour borroweth from certaine Latine verses of his owne, made long agoe vpon the loue abuses of Iuppiter in a certaine peece of worke written in the commendation of women kinde; which he hath not yet wholie

perfected to the print."—See LXXV., at p. 111.

(t) The annotation to VI., at p. 42, begins thus. "This passion is a translation into latine of the selfe same sonnet of Petrarch which you red lastly alleaged, and commeth somwhat neerer vnto the Italian phrase then the English doth. The Author when he translated it, was not then minded euer to haue imboldned him selfe so farre, as to thrust in foote amongst our english Poets. But beinge busied in translating Petrarch his sonnets into latin new clothed this amongst many others, which one day may perchance come to light."

(v) The Latin verses Quid Amor, at p. 134, "which because they may well importe a passion of the writer, and aptly befitte the present title of his ouerpassed Loue, he setteth them downe in this next page following, but not as accompt-

able for one of the hundreth passions of this booke."—See XCVIII.

These, and possibly other like completed poems in Latin, soon circulated in MS. Stephen Broelmann, a German Jurist and Poet, of Cologne, wrote to Watson while he was at Paris, the following verses (reprinted before the Antigone), urging him to print his works.

Si nostræ tecum preculæ Watsone, valerent, Non tua tot chartis scrinia plena forent; Sub prælo tua Musa foret, lucemque viderent Iudice quæ Phæbo candido metra facis. Atque ego si quicquam sapio, nouique Helicona. Carminis ille tui est ex Helicone liquor. Classica siuè canis, teneros seu dicis amores, Mars tumido, tenui carmine gestit amor.

Thuscanus Petrarcha tuo stat carmine diues: Mundo vtinam fieret notior ille labor. Plebs ignara licèt Phæbeæ frondis honores

Negligat, et quicquid clarius esse potest : Tu tamèn a doctis doctus dicêre Poeta,

Inque suo precio nobile carmen erit. Præsertim Antigonen vel Zoilus ipse probabit,

Ad prælum duci si paciaris opus.

Ergò tuum celebris portet super æthera nomen Fama, nec in tenebris ampliùs esse sinat.

Nam licèt es iuuenis, tamen haud iuuenilia pangis,

Et vena polles, ingenioque bono.

Ah pudet vlterius iuuenum laudare senili Carmine, quòd nostro carmine maior eas.

Eià age; percolito dulces ante omnia Musas: Vtilis ille labor, dulcis et ille labor.

Sed Venus irata est, dum celas carmen amoris: Phæbus et ipse dolet, dum sua dona tegis.

Si semper Danaën tenuisset ahænea turris, Aurea non essent pondera nota Iouis.

1531. I. We now come to Watson's first publication; a translation into Latin of Sophocles' Antigone: thus entered by the clerk of the Stationers' Company.

"31 July 1581. John Wolfe. Lycencenced vnto him, &c. Aphoclis Antigone, Thoma Watsono interprete.

J. P. COLLIER. Ext. from Regs. of Stat Co. ii. 149. Ed. 1849.

Of this work, there is a copy in the British Museum. [Press mark, 1070. m. 31.] The title runs thus: "Sophoelis Antigone. Interprete Thoma Watsono f.7. stadioso. Huic adduntur pompe queedam, ex singulis Tragadiæ actis deriuatæ; et post eas, totidem themata sententijs refertissima; eodem Thoma Watsono Authore. Londini. Excudebat Iohannes Wolfius. 1581."

As his earliest known published poem, and his own account of his

early studies, we here give his entire Dedicatory Epistle.

(e) Nobilissimo proceri, claroque multis nominibus, Philippo Howardo Comiti Arundeliæ, Thomas Watsonvs solidam felicitatem precatur.

N Obilibus prœdiues auis, virtutibus aucte,
Dotibus Aonijs nobilitate Comes
Accipe tantilli iuuenilia carmina vatis,

Et multi medicum volue laboris opus. Nec mea Callimachi, neque Coi Musa Philœtœ est:

Quodque ferat, vulpes nil nisi tegmen habet. Sed curant hominum mentes, non munera Diui; Ergò age, cœlitibus par, imitare Deos.

Quid si mendosus fuerit meus iste libellus ? Quid si neglecto carmine culpa subest ? Candida et atra suo perlustrat Cynthia vultu :

Phœbus adit radijs candida et atra suis. Vestraque consueto capiet clementia vultu, Ouœ sunt in versu candida et atra meo.

Quœ sunt in versu candida et atra meo. Marsice, Arachnœ, Iri, Smyntheus, Tritonia, Crœsns,

Cantus, fila, stipem, postulat, optat, amat; Cantus, fila, stipem, Smyntheus, Tritonia, Cræsus,

Nec dedignatur, musicus, alma, potens. Tuque minora meis (recinit si vera propellus) Carmina carminibus muneris instar habes.

Atque ego non tanti primœuos duco Poetas, Vt nihil in nostris laudibus esse velim. Forsitàn et Phœbo, fecique volente Minerua,

Vinde meo partus Marte triumphus eat.

Tu bene si censes, ego te censore beatus

Apponam stimulos viribus ipse meis. Et faciam lœtus quod multi sæpè rogarunt, Plura et sub proeli pondere scripta crepen

Plura vt sub prœli pondere scripta crepent.

Ipse licèt Momus vano submurmuret ore,
Inuidus et piceo Zoilus vngue premat:

Inuidus et piceo Zoilus vingue premat Iudicij censura tui superabit vtrumque, Et capiti ponet laurea serta nieo.

Inde satis fœlix, dicar tuus esse Poeta, Et famulus fieri cum Ganymêde Iouis. Scilicet hoc olim cœpi sperare lucellum,

Dum studijs totus tempora prima dedi: Dumque procul patria lustrum mediumque peregi

Discere diuersis cedere verba sonis.
Tim satis Italiœ linguas moresque notabam;

Et linguam, et mores Gallia docta tuos. Vt potui, colui Musas, quòcunque ferebar: Charus et imprimis Iustinianus erat.

Sœpè sed inuitam turbauit Pallada Mauors, Sœpè meo sudio bella fuêre morœ.

Castra tamen fûgi, nìsì quœ Phœbeia castra Cum Musis Charites continuêre pias.

Bartole magnus eras, neque circumferre licebat, Nec legum nodos Balde diserte tuos:

Arripui Sophoclem, docui mitescere Musas: E Grœcis prepigi metra Latina modis. Talitèr absumens turbatus vtilis horas,

Autigonen docui verba Latina loqui. Momenti res magna, meis quoque viribus impar Ni daret ipsa mihi sed la Pallas opem. Tandem opus exactum volui lacerare, vel igni Tradere, quòd Latio Græcia maior erat. Plurima sed vetuit prudentûm turba virorum:

Me simul Eulogijs concelebrâre suis. Indè rudes iterum cœpi limare camænas, Et magis intenta consolidare manu.

Tum quœrendus erat, mihi qui Patronus adesse,

Et mea qui tegeret numine scripta suo;

Qui Phœbo charus, Musis qui charus alumnus Esset, et Aonij fontis amaret aquas;

Qui claris ortus proauis, pietatis amicus Esset, et ipsius candida cura Iouis;

Tu quia talis eris, et masculagloria regni, Supplice Mœcœnas voce vocandus eras.

Ergò tantilli non aspernare clientis,

Quod tua iàm virtus sola proposcit, opus.

Fabula trita, olim murem fecisse, Leoni Quod satis acceptum, quodque salûbre fuit.

Quamuis indignus, quamuis ignotus adesset, Sumpsit ab infirmo paupere Pyrrhus aquan,

Sic mihi sit facilis cultura potentis amici,

Sim licet ignotus, nec meruisse queam. Velle meum pro posse datur, pro munere carmen,

Et cupit Antigone charior esse tibi.

Charior esse tibi sperat, quam chara Creonti, Quam fuerit patrio vel peramata solo.

Iamque reuiuiscens, et Musis ducta Latinis

Huc venit, et Thoebis amplius esse timet. Mira tibi referet, si vis miracula nosse:

Atque pium faceret, nî pius antè fores. Illicitam legem tumidis mordebit Iambis;

Fascibus impauido, prœferet ore Deos;

Tum quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid vtile, quid non,

Dicet: et imperij quam sit amarus amor; Quam noceat veri monitus contemnere vatis:

Quam vertat celerem Sors malesana rotam;

Principis et placitum quam pendula turba sequatur,

Et quanti faciant cœtera membra caput. Hæc, et plura tuis planè præfiget ocellis

Antigone, studio docta docere meo.

Vine, vale Generose Comes: quot sœcula cernus

Viuit, tot fœlix sæcula viue: vale.

Vestri honoris obseruantissimus, Thomas Watsonus Londoniensis

(f) The Pompa are four groups of impersonations such as IUSTITIA, cum sceptro. IMPIETAS, vir cum mucrone, &c., in short poems too numerous to quote here; and are preceded by this second dedication to Lord Howard of Arundell.

Hæc mea si quicquam placuit translatio, Cômes

Inclyte; materies aut bona si qua subest :

Hæc mea pompa simùl positque legenti,

Quam totam Antigones fabula tristis habet.

Insuper apposui pompis, quæ digna notatu, Themata; quœque probes vtilitate sua.

Tu dignare igitur vultu lustrare benigno,

Quod dedit ignoti Musa benigna viri.

Vestri honoris studiosisimus Tho, Watsonus.

(g) The four *Themata* "diducted out of the bowelles of *Antigone* in *Sophacles* (which he lately translated into Latine and published in print."—See p. 115) are apparently exercises in different kinds of Latin verse. They are severally as follows:—

(1) Cæcam philautian multarum calamitatum, causam esse, ex

Creontis exemplo discimus, written in Iambics.

(2) Quam sit malum publico Magistratus edicto non parère, Antreonæ exemplum docet written in Anapastic Dimiters.

1582.

(3) Quæ corrigere non possumus, ea attentare ne velimus docet Ismene, vitæ quictæ formam tradens, written in Sapphics.

(4) Amare simul et sapere vix cuiquam dari, interitus Hæmonis docct, written in Choriambic Asclepiadean verse. The 3rd, 4th; 8th, 9th, and 10th lines of this Thema are quoted at p. 115.

To this work among others W. CAMDEN contributed the following lines.

M. Thoma Watsoni Antigonen. Nè Sophoclæo Genio fas laude litare? Fas est thure Deo, laude litare viro. Tum Watsone tibi victurâ laude litandum: Laus tua sitque tibi quod sua thura Ioui. Namque Sophoclæus Genius tibi mente receptus Insidet, Ausonium seque subindè stupet. Antigonem quicunque legit, sic indicat; illam Qui lêget, relegit : quique relêgit amat. Vnus in alterutro Genius sic eminet, vno Alterutro, Tragicis vnus vterque modis. Perculit ille suis numeris Orchestra Pelasgûm, Tu pompis Latiis nostra Theatra quatis. Verba illi Græco, vernant tibi flore latino, Venaque dicendi diues vtrique fluit.

Sed tibi quid laudes venâ de paupere promo? Sic solem fumis irradiare paro.

En victura comus Phæbi tibi laurus obumbret. Et decus hoc minus est, quâm meruisse decus. Soon after the appearance of the Antigone, Watson must have

summoned up courage to 'thrust in foote among our English Pocts. George Peele refers to

These layes of Love, as myrth to melancholie

To follow fast thy sad Antigone. See p. 36. (h) The earliest printed English verses by Watson with which I am acquainted, are the following prefixed to G. Whetstone's Heptameron of Civill Discourses, &c. [Ent. Stat. Hall, 11 Jan. 1582.] T. W. Esquier, In the commendation of the Aucthor, and his

needefull Booke. Ven as the fruictfull Bee, doth from a thousand Flowers. Sweet Honie draine, and layes it vp, to make the profit ours So, Morall Whetstone, to his Countrey doth impart, A Worke of worth, culd from ye wise, with Iudgement, wit and art No Stage Toy, he sets foorth, or thundring of an Hoast, But his rare Muse, a passage makes, twixt burning fier and frost Suche Vertues as beseeme, the worthy Gentles breast, In proper colours he doth blaze, by followyng of the best: The Vertue is but rare, and Vice not yet in vse, That modestly he not commends, or mildely shewes th' abuse Such matter in good wordes, these few leaves doo reveale, Vnforst, or strainde, as yat it seemes, a naturall common weale. Of forced Marriage, be dooth shew the foule enent, When Parents ioyne, the Childrens hands, before their harts consent And how these fortunes eke, in wedlock seeldom proue, Vnequall choice, in birth, in yeeres: and Childrens hasty loue. Yet he with learned prooffes, this sacred state dooth raise, (As it deserues) aboue the Skies, in wordes of modest praise. More, euery Page, heere doth present, the Readers eyes, With such regardes, as help the weake, and doo confirm ye wise.

The holy Bush, may wel be sparde, where as the Wine is pure. Watson must have contributed these verses, about the time he was finishing a number of English poems, comprising a portion of those forming, with the three Latin ones, The Passionate Centurie [i.e. Hundred Songs] of Loue; of which, as he tells us at 1. 25, the Earl of Oxford 'willinglie voutsafed the acceptance.' And 'since the world hath vnderstood (I know not how) that your Honor willinglie voutchsafed the acceptance of this worke, and at connenient leisures fauorablie perused it, being as yet but in written hande, many haue

Which needelesse were, to blase, in prayses to allure:

oftentimes and ernestly called vpon mee to put it to the presse, that for their mony they might but see, what your Lordship with some

liking hath alreadie perused.'-p. 25.

Watson spontaneously wrote these poems without much definite purpose as to number. That the title of the book was the last thing thought of, is proved by the interposition in the 'Centurie' of three Latin poems; one, No. VI., being part of the Latin version of Petrarch's sonnets above referred to, and another, No. XLV., 'when he compiled' 'he thought not to haue placed among these his English toyes;' also by his composition of an additional poem, No. LXVII., while the work was at the press ['n honour of the Earl of Oxford]; with the consequent thrusting out of the 'Centurie' of another Latin poem Quid Amor, possibly in the first instance including in it. In this way the 'Ekaroumabla was built up.

We take it that Watson in the ceaseless activity of his mind, composed as subjects suggested themselves to him in his multifarious reading. Whether in these youthful days, unrequited affection turned him to amatory poetry; whether there was any foundation in his life for these Love-Songs and Love-Dirges, we do not know.

He tells us, at \$\theta\$. 27, he wrote this work more for Poetry than Passion. 'Yet for this once I hope thou wilt in respect of my trauaile in penning these loue passions, or for pitie of my paines in suffering them (although but supposed).' . . . And it is quite true as he states at \$\theta\$. 28, 'that although Yenus be my verse, yet her slipper is left out.' So that, as these four works fully show, he is one of the purest as he is one of the sweetest of our Poets.

Though there is no date in it, the Εκατομπαθία was published

in 1582. The registration entry of it runs thus—

"31 Mar. 1582. Mr. Cawoode. Licenced to him, &c., Watsons Passions, manifestinge the true frenzy of loue. vjd."

I. P. Coller. Ext. from Regs. of Stat. Co. ii. 162. Ed. 1849.
Whoever reads this remarkable work will wonder how it could have fallen into such oblivion. On the poems themselves we shall here say nothing. They reveal themselves. Each of them is headed with an 'annotation.' To these short introductions we would call attention. They are most skilfully written. Who wrote them? Who was the Annotator? May he have been the Earl of Oxford? Was he the friend, whom Watson addresses in No. LXXI., as

Deere Titus mine, my auncient frend?
Or was he the author himself, writing in the third person? We cannot say.

Or was he the author himself, writing in the third person? We cannot say. Whoever he were, he was perfectly informed—certainly by the Poet himself

-as to every allusion made, every Author imitated or referred to.

The object of these annotations is stated in them. They were written to bring Watson's crudite verse to the appreciation 'of him that is no great clarke, ? 83. 'That the vulgar may the better understand this Passion, I will briefly touch those, whom the Authour nameth herein,' ? 98. 'Wherefore know they which know it not alreadie,' ? 128. 'Yet the unlearned may haue this helpe geuen them by the way to know what Galaxia is, or Pactolus, which perchaunce they haue not read often in our vulgar Rimes,' ? 67.

Though they failed in their attempt to popularize the book: these annotations show us the vast learning of our Author. They also introduce us to foreign poets utterly unknown to cultivated Englishmen of the present day. May we here venture to suggest to the numerous verse-translators of our time, the benefit of varying their ceaseless translation of the same ancient classics with versions of the Latin or vernacular verse of the 16th century. May the testimony of Watson's friend, the Annotator; which is virtually that of Watson himself, be put in evidence respecting these. He refers to 'the works of Hercules Strozza, who in his Somnium hath written so exquisitely, that the Dreame will quite his transile, that shall peruse it with due attention, 'p. 68: describing as 'a noble man of Italy, and one of the best Poets in all his age, 'p. 121. Or Estienne Forcadel, to whom he refers under his latinized name of 'Stephanus Forcatulus (an excellent Ciuilian, and one of the best Poetes of Fraunce for these many yeares), 'p. 74. And so on, of all the rest. These annotations may well be made a starting point of enquiry in the Imaginative Poesy of Europe at that time: which being now forgotten, would by recovery become new again.

Harl. MS. 3277. is a copy, in the handwriting of the end of the sixteenth century, of the greater part of the Eκατομπαθία under the following title.

A Looking glasse for Louers; Wherein are conteyned two sortes of amorous passions: the one expressing the trewe estate and perturbations of hym, that is overgon with love: the other, a flatt defyance to love and all his lawes.

The first half hundred poems are all transcribed: but in the second, there

are many omissions.

1582. Christopher Ocklande, Headmaster first of the School founded by Queen Elizabeth at Southwark, afterwards of Cheltenham School, wrote a Latin poem 'Ειρηναρκια sine Elizabetha,' of which two editions appeared this year at the end of a work entitled Anglorum prælia, &c. This work was ordered on 7 May 1582 by the High Commission 'too bee received and publiquely read and taught in all Grammar and Free Scholes.' To this work Watson contributed the following Decastichon:

(i) Ad Oclandum, de Eulogiis serinissimæ nostræ Elizabethæ post Anglo-

rum prælia cantatis.

Rectè post Martis lituos pacalis Oliua Suggeritur calamo cane Poëta tuo. Scilicet, vt feruens Martem laudauerat ætas, Palladis expetiit ramus habere senem. Et Martis lituos ornas, virgámque Mineruæ Grandia siue canis, dulcia siue canis. Seu pacem, seu bellum refers, in vtraque camœna Vel Deus exprimitu, vel Dea maior eo.

At mihi si credes, cantus imitabere Cygni, Funeris vt sit laus Elisabetha tui. - Thomas Watsonus.

1535, III. "Amyutas. Thomæ Watsoni I.V. studiosi. Excudebat Henricus Marsh, ex assignatione Thomæ Marsh. 1585. 16mo, 27 leaves. Dedicated to 'Henrico Noello.'"-Lowndes, p. 2856, [Since the first Impression of this Reprint, a copy of Amyntas has been pointed out to me in the British Museum, Press Mark 1213 d. 5.]

The next two works we have not seen; we can but quote them. IV. Compendium Memoriæ Localis (Autore Thoma Watsoni Londini 9 ensi J. V. studioso.) Dedicated to 'Henrico Noello vere nobil-viro.' A copy of this work was sold in 1831 at Heber's sale. Part vi. 3800: 'but, as it was imperfect at the end the date and printer

are nnknown.' - J. P. Collier, Bib. Cat. ii. 490. We place it here on account of its Dedicatee being the same.

1586. V. "Coluthus' Raptæ Helenæ. Tho. Watsonæ Londinensi. London 1586. 4to. Dedicated to the Duke of Northumberland. ' Lown. p. 503.

In a MS. volume, transcribed by John Lilliat, formerly in Hearne's possession, now among Dr. Rawlinson's collection in the Bodleian MSS. Rawl. Poet. 148: are the following lines, which we reprint from Brit. Bibli. ii. 543. Ed. 1812

(h) "A gratification unto Mr. John Case, for his warned Booke.

lately made in the prayes of Musick.

1. Let others praies what likes them best, I like his lynes aboue the rest, Whose pen hath paynted Musicks praies: By nature's lawe by wisdomes rule, He soundly blames the scencelesse foole, And barb'rous Scithian of our dayes.

He writes of angels harmony, Aboue the harpe of Mercurie He writes of sweetly turninge spears: How birds and beasts, and wormes reloyce How dolphins lou'd Arions voyce, He makes a frame for Midas ears.

Then may the solemne stoicke finde, That Momus and him self ar blynde, And that rude Marsia wanteth skill: Whiles will and witlesse ears are bent, Against Apollo's sweet consent. The nursse of good, ye scourge of ill.

 Let Eris then delight in warrs, Let Enuy barke against the starrs, Let Folly sayle which may thee please: With him I wish my dayes to spende Whose quill hath stood fayre Musicks friend, Chief friend to peace, chief port of ease. qd Tho. Watson."

ABRAHAM FRAUNCE, a versifier, published this year "The Lamentations of Amyntas for the death of Phillis, paraphrastically translated out of Latine into English Hexameters by Abraham Fraunce. London, 1587," Of this work there is a copy in the Bodleian Library. For it, Fraunce wrote the following dishonest 1537. dedication, in which he makes no allusion whatever to Watson.

To the Right Honovrable, vertuous and learned Ladie, the Ladie Mary, Countesse of Penbroke.

M Ine afflicted mind and crased bodie, together with other externall calamities have wrought such executive and in the calamities have wrought such executive and in the calamities have been such as a such a IVI mities have wrought such sorowfull and lamentable effects in me, that for this whole years I have wholy given over my selfe to mournfull meditations. Among others, Amintas is one, which being first prepared for one or two, was afterwards by the meanes of a few, made common to manie, and so pittfully disfigured by the boisterous handling of vnskifful pen men, that he was like to haue come abroad so vnlike himselfe, as that his own Phillis would neuer haue taken him for Amintas. Vthich vtter vndoing of our poore shepcheard, I knew not well otherwise how to preuent, but by repairing his ragged attire, to let him passe for a time vnder your honourable protection. As for his foes, they either generallie mislike this vnusuall kind of verse, or els they fancie not my peculier trauaile. For the first, I neuer heard better argument of them then this, such an one hath done but ill, therefore no man can doe wel, which reason is much like their own rimes, in condemning the art, for the fault of some artificers. Now for the second sort of reprehenders who think well of the thing, but not of my labour therein, mine answere is at hand. If there were any penaltie appointed for him that would not reade, he might well complaine of me that publish it to be read. But if it be in euerie mans choise to reade it, or not to reade, why then not in mine also to publish or not to publish it? He that will, let him see and reade; he that will neither reade nor see, is neither bound to see nor read. He that taketh no delight in reading, let him thinke that among so manie men so diuersly affected, there may be some found of a contrarie humor If anie begin to read, when he beginneth to take no delight, let him leaue and goe no further. If he folow on in reading without pleasure, let him neither blame me that did what I could, nor be angrie with the thing which

hath no sense, but reprehend himselfe who would continue reading without any pleasure taking. Your honours most affectionat, Abraham Fraunce.

Mr. Collier, Bib. Cat. i. 296, has the following. "Ritson (B. P. p. 241) gives the date of this work as 1588, adding that it was printed by Charleywood; this was in fact, the second impression; and, although it has never been mentioned, there was a third in 1589, professing to have been 'newly corrected.' It was then 'Printed by Robert Robinson' for Newman and Gubbin."

1589. (1) THOMAS NASH, writing To the Gentlemen Students of both Vniuersities, in Green's Menaphon, has the following curious passage. But fortune the Mistres of change with a pitying compassion, respecting Master Stanibursts praise, would that Phaer shoulde fall that hee might rise, whose heroicall Poetrie infired, I should say inspired, with an hexameter furie, recalled to life, what euer hissed barbarisme, hath bin buried this hundred yeare; and reuiued by his rugged quill, such carterlie varietie, as no hodge plowman in a countrie, but would haue held as the extremitie of clownerie; a patterne whereof, I will propounde to your judgements, as neere as I can, being parte of one of his descriptions of a tempest, which is thus,

Then did he make, heavens vault to rebounde, with rounce robble hobble Of ruffe raffe roaring, with thwick thwack thurlery bouncing.

Which straunge language of the firmament neuer subject before to our common phrase, makes vs that are not vsed to terminate heauens moueings, in the accents of any voice, esteeme of their triobulare interpreter, as of some Thrasionicall huffe snuffe, for so terrible was his stile, to all milde eares, as would have affrighted our peaceable Poets, from intermedling hereafter, with that quarelling kinde of verse; had not sweete Master France by his excel-lent translation of Master Thomas Watsons sugred Amintas, animated their dulled spirits, to such high witted endeuors. . . .

In trueth, (Master Watson except, whom I mentioned before) I knowe not almost any of late dayes that hath shewed himselfe singular in any speciall Latine Poem, whose Amintas, and translated Antigone may march in equi-

page of honour, with any of our ancient Poets.

1539. Robert Greene's 'Ciceronis Amor, Tullies Love,' was first published this year. Among other verse placed before the text: is Ad Lectorem Hexasticon: which runs thus in the earliest edition, 1597, to which I have had access.

(I) In lucem prodit tenebris exuta malignis Romelei petulans, væsanaque flammula Phæbi: Rorantem Authori (Lectores) spargite florem, Intyba, Narcissos, Latacen, pictique roseti

Dulces diuitias: Illum concingite lauru; Emerito solers industria reddat honorem. Thomas Watson, Oxon.

1509. VI. This was a prolific year for Watson. (1) There appeared "¶ The first sett, Of Italian Madrigalls Englished, not to the sense of the originall dittie, but after the affection of the noate. By Thomas Watson Gentleman. There are also heere inserted two excellent madrigalls of Master William Byrds, composed after the Italian vaine at the request of the sayd Thomas Watson. London 1590." [British Museum. Press mark, C. 136]
This work, Watson thus dedicated to Lord Essex.

Clarisimo, et honoratissimo Heroi, Domino Roberto Deurox Comiti Essexiæ, Georgiani Ordinis Equiti aurato, multisque alijs nominibus illustrissimo. S. P.

(m) T Nelyte Mauortis, Musarum duleis alumne, Accipe iuncta Italis Anglia verba notis: Atque Marenzæos cantus, quos approbet auris Attica, quos Charites, quosque D I A N A velit. Si rudius quid inest, id nostri culpa laboris:

Et melior primo fortè secundus erit. Attamen Hesperiæ Philomenlæ subdere voces Non est exigui debile Martis opus.

Tu dignare, precor, sincerce munera mentis, Siuè sonent placido murmure, siuè graui. Candida et atra suo percurrit lumine Phœbus:

Candida et atra volens accipe. Phœbus eris. Phœbus eris, nisi te sacrato culmine Mauors Auferat, armipotens vt fera bella geras.

Ecquis enim vestrœ nescit conamina Musœ, Metraque ad Aoniam sœpè canenda lyram? Sed mitto quoscunque tuœ virtutis honores:

Maior es eulogijs, carminibusque meis. Aurea concedat fœlicis tempora vitæ Iupiter, et cœptis nolit abesse tuis.

Honoris tui studiosissimus Thomas Watsonus.

He also wrote the following of the celebrated Italian composer. Lucæ Marenzio Musicæ artis peritissimo Tho. Watsonus.

H Ei, quotiès morimur nimia dulcedine rapti, Pulsat Appollineam dum tua Musa chel Pulsat Appollineam dúm tua Musa chelyn? O, igitur dulcis plectrum depone Marenzi:

Nè sit læsa tuis plurima vita sonis. Attamèn ô dulcis plectro modulare Marenzi: Si morimur, vitam dant tua plectra nouam.

O liceat nobis, vitâ sub morte repertâ, Sæpè tuo cantu viuere, sæpè mori.

Mille neces patior, vitas totidemque; resumo, Dùm tua multiplici gutture musa placet: Somnio septeno gyrantes murmure sphæras:

Soninio cantantis Numina blanda sali

Somnio Threiceum Cytharcedam saxa mouentem: Somnio mulcentem carmine monstra Deum: Somnio Musarum concentus protinùs omnes: Omnio Marenzi, dùm canis, vnus habes.

(2) He also produced Melibæus, here reprinted on the even numbered \$\nu_{\text{f}}\$, from 139-174. The British Museum copy [Press mark 1070. l. 4] has the top of the Latin dedication, see \$\nu_{\text{t}}\$. 142, torn: and we are indebted to the kindness of Rev. T. Corser for its completion, from the copy in his famed collection at Stand Rectory, near Manchester.

(3) An Eglogue, &c., being a translation of the same into English: here reprinted on opposite pages to the Melibæus. Watson distinctly refers to Fraunce's unhandsome conduct, when he says at p. 147, interpret my self, lest Melibæus in speaking English by an other mans labour, should leese my name in his chaunge, as my Amyntas

did.' [Brit. Mus. Press-mark 161. m. 56.] 1591.

Fraunce prints for the fourth time his translation under the title of "The Countesse of Pembrokes Yuychurch. Containing the affectionate life, and unfortunate death of Phillis and Amyntas: That in a Pastorall; This in a Funerall: both in English Hexameters. By Abraham Fraunce. London 1591." Its registration runs thus:

"9 Feb. 1591. Wm. Ponsonbye. Entred for his copie, &c. A booke

intituled the Countesse of Pembrokes Iny Chirche and Emanuel. vja." J. P. COLLIER, Regs. of Stat. Co. See N. & Q., 3rd Series, i. 44. In the dedication, he at length acknowledges the authorship of

Amyntas.

If Amyntas found fauour in your gracious eyes, let Phillis bee accepted for Amyntas sake. I have some what altered S. Tassoes Italian, and M. Watsons Latine Amyntas, to make them both one English. But Tassoes is Comicall, therefore this verse vinusual yet it is also Pastoral, and in effect nothing els but a continuation of produce therefore proposes fives then they

of aglogues, therefore no verse fitter than this. . . . GABRIEL HARVEY, writing at London; the third of his Foure Let-1592. Sep.8-9. ters and certaine Sonnets, printed this year: thus enumerates Wat-

son among a number of writers, all evidently then living.

I cordially recommend to the deere Louers of the Muses: and namely to the professed Sonnes of the same, Edmond Spencer, Richard Staninurst, Abraham Fraunce, Thomas Watson, Samuel Daniell, Thomas Nash, and the rest: whome I affectionately thancke for their studious endeuours, commendably employed in enriching, and polishing their native Tongue, neuer

of furnished, or embellished, as of late.—2. 48.

Mr. Collier, in his *Bibl. Cat. ii.* 490, *Ed.* 1865.

"Thomas and Watson could not be uncommon names; but in the register of St. Bartholomew the Less, in which parish various literary men resided, we meet with the following entry of a burial, the date of which accords with the period when it is likely that our poet expired:—
'26 Sept. 1592. Thomas Watson, gent, was buried.'

It has never been anywhere cited, but we have little doubt that it applies to our poet."

Soon after this is the following entry:

1592. IX. "X° die Novembris [1592]. Mr. Ponsonby. Entered for his copie, A booke intituled Aminte gaudia, Authore Thom. Watsono, Londi[n]ensi iuris studioso. J. P. COLLIER. Regs. of Stat. Co. See N. & Q., 3rd S., i. 322.
The title of this work is as follows: (4) "Amintæ Gaudia. Au-

thore Thoma Watsono, Londoninensi, iuris Studioso. Londini, Imprimis, Guilhelmi Ponsonbei. 1592:" and it has the following dedication:

Illustrissimæ Heroinæ omnibus et animi, et corporis dotibus ornatissimæ, Mariæ Penbrokiæ Comitissæ.

Aurigera stirpe prognata Delia, Sydnæi vatis Apollinei genuuia soror; Alina literarum parens, ad cuius immaculatos amplexus, confugit virtus, barbariei et ignorantia impetu violata, vt olim a Threicio Tyranno Philomela; Poetarum nostri temporis, ingeniorumque omnium fœlicissime pullutantiùm, Musa: Dia proles, quœiam rudi calamo, spiritus infundis elati furoris, quibus ipse misellus plus mihi videor præstare posse, quam cruda nostra indoles proferre solet : Dignare Posthumo huic Amyntæ, vt tuo adoptiuo filio patrocinari: Eoque magis quòd moribundus pater, illius tutelam humillimè Et licet illustre nomen tuum non solum apud nos, sed exteras tibi legauerat. etiam nationes, latius propagatum est, quam aut vnquam possit ærnginosa Temporis vetustate aboleri, aut mortalium encomijs augeri, (quomodò enim quicquam possit esse infinito plus?) multorum tamèn camœnis, quasi siderum quicquam possit esse inimito pius?) indiorumi canten canicens, quasi suderum diademate redimita Ariadne, noli hunc purum Phoebi sacerdotem, stellam alteram coronæ tuæ largientem, aspernari: sed animi candore, quem sator hominum, atque deorum, Iupiter, prænobili familiæ tuæ quasi hæriditarum alligauti, accipe, et tuere. Sic nos, quorum opes tenuissimæ, littorea sunt Myrtus Veneris, Nymphæque Peneiæ semper virens coma, prima quaque poematis pagina, Te Musarum dominam, in auxilium invocabimus: tua denique virtus, quœ virtutem ipsam; ipsam quoque æternitatem superabit.

Honoris tui studiosissimus, C. M. [? Christopher Marlowe.] The registration and dedication of Aminta Gaudia, with Harvey's allusion,

show how correct Mr. Collier's opinion is.

GEORGE PEELE, M.A., has the following lines in Ad Macanatum 1593. Prologus, in his work entitled The Honour of the Garter.

Why thither post not all good wits from hence, To Chaucer, Gowre, and to the fayrest Phaer That ever ventured on great Virgils works? To Watson, worthy many Epitaphes For his sweet Poesie, for Amintas teares And ioyes so well set downe

The word 'Epitaphes' confirms Watson's death anterior to the

composition of this Prologue.

A rare Poetical Miscellany. "The Phoenix Nest, &c. Set forth 1593. by R. S. of the Inner Temple, Gentleman. Neuer before this time published;" contains three following poems by T. W. Gent.: that is, Thomas Watson, as is proved by the first of them appearing, with variations, in Englands Helicon, 1602, with his name in full after it.

Not having seen the Latin text, we can but surmise that the first is a translation of the Eighth day of Amyntas: and we presume that as Watson translated Melibæus: so he intended to have turned Amyntas into English. A reference to Fraunce's hexameters will show that Watson was a true Poet; and Fraunce a scribbling versifier.

(0) Aurora now, began to rise againe, From watrie couch, and from old Tithons side, In hope to kisse vpon Acteian plaine, Yong Cephalus, and through the golden glide, On Easterne coast, she cast so great a light, That Phoebus thought it time to make retire, From Thetis Bowre, wherein he spent the night, To light the world againe with heauenly fire. Nor sooner gan his winged steedes to chase The Stigian night, mantled in duskie vale, But poore Amyntas, hasteth him apace, In desarts thus, to weepe a wofull tale. Now silent shades, and all that dwell therein. As Birds, or Beasts, or Wormes that creepe on grounde. Dispose your selues to teares, while I begin, To rew the griefe, of mine eternall wounde. And dolefull ghosts, whose nature flies the light, Come seate your selues with me on eu'ry side. And whilst I die for want of my delight, Lament the woes that Fancie me betide. Phillis is dead, the marke of my desire, My cause of loue, and shipwracke of my loyes, Phillis is gone, that set my hart on fire,

That clad my thoughts with ruinous annoyes. Phillis is fled, and bides I wot not where, Phillis (alas) the praise of woman kinde, Phillis, the Sun of this our hemisphere. Whose beames made me and many others blinde. But blinded me (poore man) aboue the rest, That like olde Oedipus, I liue in thrall, Still feele the worst, and neuer hope the best, My mirth is mone, my honie drownd in gall. Hir faire, but cruell eies, bewitcht my sight, Hir sweete, but fading speech, enthrald my thought, And in hir deeds I reaped such delight, As brought both will, and libertie to nought. Therefore, all hope of happines adue, Adue desire the source of all my care, Dispaire me tels my weale will nere renue, Till this my soule, doth passe in Charons Crare. Meane time, my minde must suffer Fortunes skorne, My thoughts stil wound, like wounds that stil are green My weakned lyms, be laide on beds of thorne, My life decaies, although my death foreseene. Mine eies, now eies no more, but seas of teares, Weepe on your fill, to coole my burning brest. Where Loue did place desire, twixt hope, and feares, (I say) desire, the author of vnrest. And (would to gods) Phillis where ere thou be, Thy soule did see, the sowre of mine estate, My ioyes eclipst, for onely want of thee, My being with my selfe at foule debate. My humble vowes, my sufferance of woe My sobs, and sighes, and euerwatching eies,

My plaintife teares, my wandring to and froe, My will to die, my neuer ceasing cries. No doubt but then, thy sorrows would perswade The doome of death to cut my vitall twist, That I with thee, amidst the infernall shade, And thou with me, might sport vs as we list. O if thou waite on faire Proserpines traine And hearest Orpheus, neere th' Elisian springs

Entreat thy Queene, to free thee thence againe And let the Thracian guide thee with his strings. T. W. Gent

(p) Away, dispaire, the death of hopeles harts, For hope and truth, assure me long agoe,

That pleasure is the end of lingring smarts, When time, with just content, rewardeth woe. Sweet vertues throne is built in labours towre, Where Lawrell wreath's are twist for them alone,

Whose gals are burst with often tasted sowre, Whose blis from bale is sprong, whose mirth from mone.

I therefore striue by toyles, to raise my name, And Iason like, to gaine a golden fleece, The end of eu'ry worke doth crowne the same, The end of eurry worke upon troops of Greece;
As witnes well, the happie harmes of Greece;
For if the Greekes, had soone got Pryams seat,

T. W. Gent

The glory of their paines, had not been great.

(q) I hope and feare, that for my weale or woe That heau'nly lampe, which yeelds both heat and light, To make a throne, for gods on earth belowe, Is cut in twaine, and fixt in my delight, Which two faire hemispheres, through light and heat, Planting desire, driue reason from hir seate. No, no, my too forgetfull toong blaspheames,

I should have saide, that where these hemispheres, In harts, though eies, fixe hot and lightsome beames, There reason works desire, and hopes breed feares, O onely object, for an Eagles eie, Whose lighte and heat, make men to liue and die.

Twixt these, a daintie paradise doth lie,
As sweete as in the Sunne the Phenix Bowre,
As white as snowe, as smooth as Iuorie.

As faire, as Psyches bosome, in that howre, When she disclosde the boxe of Beauties Queene,

All this and more, is in Sibilla scene. T. W. Gent.
Reprinted in J. P. Collier's Seven English Poet. Misc. 1867, pp.
122-126.

1593. X. We now come to a work in many respects of superlative interest. By the courteous kindness of S. Christic-Miller, Esq. of Britwell, near Maidenhead, the Reader may now pernse Watson's principal English posthumous work, reprinted at the end of this volume. Its authorship is established by the initials T. W. at the end: and more positively by the following registration.

positively by the following registration.
"It Aug. [1593]. John Danter. Item entred for his copie, &c. a booke initialed *The teares of fansie, or love disdained*. By T. Watson.

J. P. COLLIER. Regs. of Stat. Co. See N. & Q., 3rd S., i. 402. This work, which appears to have received but little attention while passing through the press, is here reprinted page for page. The loss of the eight Sonnets is much to be regretted.

1594. Richard Barnfield's allusion to Watson in his Affectionate Shepheard of this year, we have already quoted at p. 4.

1595. (1) In a work entitled Polimanteia. &c., written by W. C., and published at Cambridge [Gren. Coll: Brit. Misseum, 537] there is at R. 3. a reference in the side notes connecting, in a literary sense, Watson with Shakespeare, (who then just began to appear in print, in a way that may best appear by reproducing the passage line for line.

All praise dear worthy. Lucreeia fortt Sweet Shak-ppeare. Dan Eloquent Gaueston.

(yet admire) my Virgil, thy petrarch, diune Spenser. And vnlesse I erre, (a thing easie in such simplicitie) deluded by dearlie beloued Delia, and fortunatelie fortunate Cleopatra; Oxford thou maist extoll thy courte-deare-verse happic Daniell, whose sweete refined muse, in contracted shape, were sufficient amongst men, to gaine pardon of the sinne to Rosemond, pittie to distressed Admission Cleopatra. and euerliuing praise to her heyre, louing Delia:

ther countries (sweet Cambridge) enuie,

(2) In this year also appeared Spensers Colin Clouts come home, again, in which occur the following lines: which under correction we take to refer to Watson.

There also is (ah no, he is not now!)
But since I said he is, he quite is gone,
Amyntas quite is gone and lies full low,
Hauing his Amaryllis left to mone.
Helpe, O ye shepheards, help ye all in this,
Helpe Amaryllis this her losse to mourne:
Her losse is yours, your losse Amyntas is,
Amyntas, floure of shepheards pride forlorne,
He whilest he lined was the noblest swaine,
That euer piped in an oaten quill!
Both did he other, which could pipe, maintaine,
And eke could pipe himselfe with passing skill.

1596. Thomas Nashe, laggardly replying in his Hane with you to Safron-walden to Gabriel Harvey, has the following allusions to mr Poet, evidently then dead, at the end of that work.

"To a bead-roll of learned men and Lords hee appeales, whether he be an Asse or no, in the forefront of whom, he puts M. Thomas VVatson, the Poet: A man he was that I dearly lou'd and honor'd, and for all things hath left few his equalls in England, he it was that in the company of divers Gentlemen one night at supper at the Nags head in Cheape; first told me of his vanitie, and those Hexameters made of him

But o what newes of that good Gabriell Haruey

Knowne to the world for a foole and clapt in the Fleet for a Rimer." "He [Gabriel Harvey] raild vppon me vnder the name of Piers Pennilesse, and for a bribe that I should not reply on him, praisd me, and reckond me (at the latter end) among the famous Schollers of our time, as S. Philip Sidney, M. VVatson, M. Spencer, M. Daniell, whom he hartily thankt, and promised to endow with manie complements for so enriching our English Tongue." V 2.

FRANCIS MERES, in Palladis Tamia, refers four times to Watson. 1598. So also these Englishmen being Latine Poets, Gualter Haddon, Nicholas Car, Gabriel Haruey, Christopher Ocland, Thomas Newton with his Leyland, Thomas Watson, Thomas Campion, Brunswerd and Willey, have attained a good report and honorable advancement in the Latin Empyre."-f. 280, a.

"As Italy had Dante, Boccace, Petrarch, Tasso, Celiano, and Ariosto: so England had Mathew Roydon, Thomas Atchelow, Thomas Watson, Thomas Kid, Robert Greene and George Peele."-f. 282, b.

Watson, Institute of Angele Greene and George reele. — 1, 202, 0.
"These are our best for Tragedie Marlow, Peele, Watson, Kid, Shakespeare, Drayton, Chapman, Decker, and Beniamin Iohnson."— f. 283, a.
"As Theocritus in Greeke, Virgil and Mantuan in Latine, Sanazar in Italian, and the Authour of Amyntæ Gaudia and Walsinghams Melibæus are the best for pastorall."—f. 284, a.

In another Poetical Miscellany, England's Helicon, there are five poems by Watson. The Amyntas already given above. The poems reprinted at pp. 44, 128, 73: and the following new one.

(r) The Nimphes meeting their May Queene, entertaine her with this Dittie.

With fragrant flowers we strew the way, And make this our cheefe holy-day. For though this clime were blest of yore; Yet was it neuer proud before.

1600.

D beauteous Queene of second Troy: Accept of our vnfayned ioy.

Now th' Ayre is sweeter than sweet Balme, And Satires daunce about the Palme, Now earth with verdure newly dight, Giues perfect signes of her delight.

O beauteous Queene, &c. Now birds record new harmonie, And trees doo whistle melodie, Now every thing that Nature breedes, Dooth clad it selfe in pleasant weedes.

O beauteous Queene, &c. Tho. Watson. See Mr. Collier's Reprint, p. 57: in Seven Eng. Poet. Misc. 1867.

1602. In another Poetical collection, Davison's Poetical Rapsodie: ten poems of the $E_{\kappa \alpha \tau 0 \mu \pi \alpha \theta i \alpha}$ are quoted; but nothing fresh.

A book of poetical quotations, known as Englands Parnassas has 1606. two dozen quotations from Watson, all from the 'Εκατομπαθία.

We have done. Enough has been adduced to show how high Watson stood in the estimation of his contemporaries. Upon the darkness which has since covered him we will not dovell. May it prove but a long celipse. May he be justified of his works. May he in future be better known: and recognized as our Scholler-Poet of Love, our English Petrarch.

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ΤΗΕ Ἐκατομπαθία OR PASSIONATE CENTURIE OF LOVE.

(a) Essues in the Author's lifetime.

- I. As a separate publication.

 1. [1582]. London. 1 vol. 4to. See title on p. 23. A partial comparison of the text of the British Museum copy with Mr. Corser's copy, reprinted by the Spenser Society; shows that the original edition varies in some minutiae, in different copies.
 - (b) Essues since the Author's death.

 I. As a separate publication.
- 2. 1869. Manchester. *The Spenser Society*. Issue No. VI. [A Facsimile 1 vol. 4to. Reprint, limited to two hundred copies.]

II. With other Works.

3. 15 Mar. 1870. London. 1 vol. 8vo. English Reprints: see title at p. 1.

MELIBŒUS SIVÈ ECLOGA INOBITUM, &C.

(a) Essues in the Author's lifetime.

I. As a separate publication.

1. 1590. London. 1 vol. 4to. See title at p. 140.

(b) Issues since the Author's Death.

II. With other Works.
2. 15 Mar. 1870. London. 1 vol. 8vo. English Reprints: see title at p. 1.

AN EGLOGUE VPON THE DEATH, &C.

(a) Essues in the Author's lifetime.

I. As a separate publication.

1. 1590. London. r vol. 4to. See title at p. 141.

(b) Issues since the Author's death.

II. With other Works.

2. 15 Mar. 1870. London. 1 vol. 8vo. English Reprints: see title at p. 1.

THE TEARES OF FANCY OR LOVE DISDAINED.

(a) Essues in the Author's lifetime.

(b) Essues since the Author's death.

I. As a separate publication.

1. 1593. Lond. 1 vol. 4to. See title at p. 177. The only copy now known is in the collection of S. Christie-Miller, Esq., at Britwell.

II. With other Works.

2, 15 Mar. 1870. London. 1 vol. 8vo. English Reprints: see title at p. 1

.: It will be seen, that three out of the above four works are now reprinted for the first time. When, at Professor HENRY MORLEY'S suggestion, the present Reprint was determined upon, it was not known that the Spenser Society's edition of the first of them was in contemplation. That edition has appeared in the interval, and there is but one regret in connection with it; that the issue of it should be limited to the two hundred members forming that society; beyond which number no copy can be obtained for love or money. When will the day of limited issues come to an end?

INDEX OF FIRST LINES, &c.

IN THE

FOUR WORKS BY THOMAS WATSON, HERE REPRINTED.

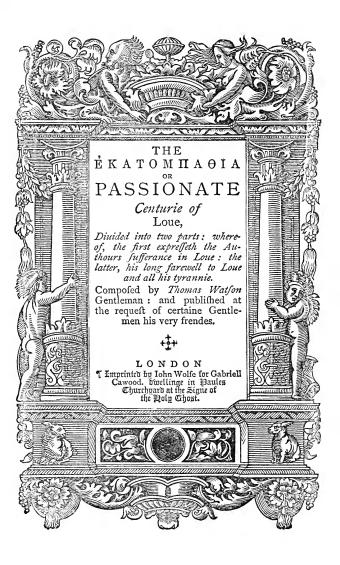
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To the Right Honorable my

very good Lord Edward de Vere, Earle of Oxenford, Vicount Bulbecke, Lord of Escales, and Badlesmere, and Lord High Chamberlaine of England, all happinesse.

Lexander the Great, passing on a time by the workeshop of Apelles, curiouslie surveyed fome of his doinges: whose long slay in viewing them, brought all the people into so great a good liking of the painters worke-

manship, that immediatelie after, they bought up all his pictures, what price soeuer he set them at.

And the like good happe, (Right Honorable,) befel vnto mee latelie, concerning these my Loue Passions, which then chaunced to Apelles, for his Portraites. For since the world hath vnderslood, (I know not how) that your Honor had willinglie voutchfased the acceptance of this worke, and at convenient leisures savourablie perused it, being as yet but in written hand, many have oftentimes and earnessly called vpon mee, to put it to the press,

that for their mony they might but fee, what your Lordship with some liking had alreadie perused. And therewithall fome of them faid (either to yeeld your Honour his due prayfe, for foundnes of iudgement; or to pleafe me, of whome long fince they had conceived well) that Alexander would like of no lines, but fuch as were drawen by the cunning hand, and with the curious penfill of Apelles. VVhich I fet not downe here to that end, that I would conferre my Poemes with Apelles Portraites for worthinesse; albeit I fitlie compare your Honors person with Alexanders, for excellencie. But how bold foeuer I have bene, in turning out this my pettie poore flocke vpon the open Common of the wide world, where everie man may behold their nakedneffe, I humbly make request, that if any storme fall vnlooked for (by the fault of malicious high foreheads, or the poyfon of euill edged tongues) thefe my little ones maye shrowde them selves under the broad leafed Platane of your Honours patronage. And thus at this prefent, I humbly take my leave; but first wishing the continuall encrease of your Lordships honour, with abundance of true Friends, reconciliation of all Foes, and what good foeuer tendeth unto perfect happines.

Your Lordships humbly at commaund

Thomas VVatson.

To the frendly Reader.



Ourteous Reader, if anie thing herein either please or profitte thee, afforde me thy good worde in recompence of my paines: if ought offend or hurt thee, I desire that thou forget the one, and forgiue the other. This toye being liked, the next may prooue better; being discouraged, wil cut of the likeliehood of my trauaile to come. But

by that meanes all will be well, and both parties pleafed. For neither shall I repent my labour in the like, nor thou be anie more troubled with my faultes or follies.

Yet for this once I hope that thou wilt in respect of my trauaile in penning these louepassions, or for pitie of my paines in suffering them (although but supposed) so furuey the faultes herein escaped, as eyther to winke at them, as ouersightes of a blinde Louer; or to excuse them, as idle toyes proceedinge from a youngling frenzie; or lastlie, to defend them, by saying, it is nothing *Prater decorum* for a maiemed man to halt in his pase, where his wound enforceth him, or for a Poete to salter in his Poëme, when his matter requireth it. *Homer* in mentioning the swiftness of the winde, maketh his verse to runne in posthaste all vpon *Dactilus*: and *Virgill* in expressing the striking downe of an oxe, letteth the end of his hexameter fall withall, *Procumbit humi bos*.

Therefore if I roughhewed my verfe, where my fense was vnsetled, whether through the nature of the passion, which I felt, or by rule of art, which I had learned, it may seeme a happie fault; or if it were so framed by counsell, thou mayest thinke it well donne: if by chaunce, happelie.

Yet write I not this to excuse my selfe of such errours, as are escaped either by dotage, or ignorance: but those I referre to thy gentle curtiste and fauourable construction, or lay manie of them upon the Printers necke, whom I would blame by his owne presse, if he would suffer me.

As for any Aristarchus, Momus, or Zoilus, if they pinch me more then is reasonable, thou courteous Reader, which arte of a better disposition, shalt rebuke them in my behalfe; saying to the first, that my birdes are al of mine own hatching, and that my onelie ouermuch hast made Sol angrie in theire Birthday; to the second, that although Venus be in my verse, yet her slipper is left out; to the last and worst, that I rather take vpon me to write better then Charilus, than once suppose to imitate Homer.

I am ouer long, as well for the feare I had to be bitten by fuch as are captious, as for the defire I haue to pleafe thee that art frendlie. But fince I now wel remember me, that nothing is more easlie let flowne, nothing foner dispersed, nothing later recalled backe againe, then the bitter blast of an euill spoaken man, and that he, whome it shall hurt, had no recure but by patience; I will set it behinde my heele, as a hurt remedilesse, or els, when it comes, salue it vp with patience.

In the meane fpace (curteous Reader) I once againe craue the fauourable iudgement: and fo, for breuitie fake, abruptlie make an end; committing the to God, and my worke to thy fauour.

Thine, as thou art his, Thomas Watfon.

John Lyly to the Authour his friend.



Y good friend, I have read your new passions, and they have renewed mine old pleasures, the which brought to me no leffe delight, then they have done to your selfe commendations. And certes had not one of mine eies about serious affaires beene watchfull, both by being too too buse had beene wanton: such

is the nature of persuading pleafure, that it melteth the marrowe before it fcorch the skin, and burneth before it warmeth: Not vnlike vnto the oyle of Ieat, which rotteth the bone and neuer ranckleth the flesh, or the Scarab slies, which enter into the roote and neuer touch the rinde.

And whereas you desire to have my opinion, you may imagine that my stomake is rather cloyed, then quesie, and therfore mine appetite of leffe force then mine affection, fearing rather a surfet of sweetenes, then desiring a satisfying. The repeating of Love, wrought in me a remembrance of liking, but serching the very vaines of my hearte, I could finde nothing but a broad scarre, where I left a deepe wounde: and loose stringes, where I tyed hard knots: and a table of steele, where I framed a plot of wax.

Whereby I noted that young fwannes are grey, and the olde white, young trees tender, and the old tough, young men amorous, and growing in yeeres, either wifer or warier. The Corall in the water is a foft weede, on the land a hard flone: a fworde frieth in the firelike a blacke ele, but layd in earth like white fnowe: the heart in loue is altogether passionate, but free from desire, altogether carelesse.

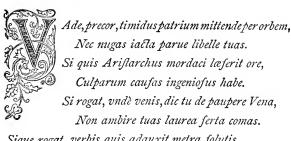
But it is not my intent to inneigh against love, which women account but a bare word, and that men reverence as the best God: onely this I would add without offence to Gentlewomen, that were not men more superscious in their praises, then women are constant in their passions: Love would either shortly be worne out of vse, or men out of love, or women out of lightnes. I can condemne none but by coniecture, nor commend any but by lying, yet sufficion is as free as thought, and as farre as I see as necessary, as credulitie.

Touching your Mistres I must needes thinke well, seeing you have written so well, but as false glasses shewe the fairest faces, so fine gloses amend the baddest fancies. Apelles painted the Phenix by hearesay not by sight, and Lysippus engraved Vulcan with a streight legge, whome nature framed with a poult foote, which proveth men to be of greater affection their indgement. But in that so aptly you have varied uppon women, I will not vary from you, so confesse I must, and if I should not, yet mought I be compelled, that to Love were the sweetest thing in the earth: If women were the faithfullest, and that women would be more constant if men were more wife.

And feeing you have vfed mee fo friendly, as to make me acquainted with your passions, I will shortly make you pryvie to mine, which I woulde be loth the printer shoulde see, for that my fancies being never so crooked he would put them in streight lines, vnsit for my humor, necessarie for his art, who setteth downe, blinde, in as many letters as seeing.



Authoris ad Libellum fuum Protrepticon.



Si rogat, vndè venis, dic tu de paupere Vena,
Non ambire tuas laurea ferta comas.

Sique rogat, verbis quis adauxit metra folutis,
Ex animo nomen dic cecidiffe tibi.

Forsitan intrabis nostræ facraria Diuæ,
Quam colit in medijs multa Diana rosis,
Quæ Cybele cæli nostri; quæ gloria regni
Vnica: quæque sui fola Sybilla foli;
Quæ vatum lima est; quæ doctis doctior ipsa;
Iuno opibus, Pallas moribus, ore Venus;
Quæ superat Reges, quantum querceta myricas;
Quam recinat Famæ buccina nulla fatis,
Illa tuos fancto si spectet lumine rithmos,
O quantum gemino Sole beatus eris?
Tu sed stratus humi, supplex amplectere plantas,

Cuius erit vili pondere læfa manus.

Híc tamen, híc moneo, né fperes tanta futura; Attica non auris murmura vana probat.

Hic quoque feu fubeas Sydnæi, fiue Dyeri Scrinia, quà Musis area bina patet; Dic te Xeniolum non diuitis esse clientis,

Confectum Dryadis arte, rudique manu; Et tamen exhibitum Vero, qui magna meretur Virtute et vera nobilitate fua.

Indè ferenato vultu te mitis vterque

Perleget, et nœuos condet vterque tuos.

Dum famulus Verum comitaris in aurea tecla, Officij femper fit tibi cura tui.

Tùm fortaffe pijs Nymphis dabit ille legendum, Cùm de Cyprigeno verba iocofa ferent.

Si qua tui nimiùm Domini miferetur amantis, Sic crepita folijs, vt gemuisse putet.

Tetrica fi qua tamen blandos damnauerit ignes, Dic tu, mentito me tepuiffe foco;

Tumque refer talos, et fixum calce figillum, Quà Venerem temnis, filiolumque fuum.

Taliter efficies, vt amet te candida turba, Forfan et Autoris palma futura tui.

Viue libelle, precor, Domino fælicior ipfo, Quem sine demerito fors inopina premit:

Denique, (si visum suerit) dic montis in alto Pierij vacuum tempora dura pati.

A Quatorzain, in the com-

mendation of Master Thomas

Watfon, and of his Mistres, for whom he wrote this Booke of Passionat

Sonnetes.

He ftarr's, which did at *Petrarch's* byrthday raigne,
Were fixt againe at thy natiuity,
Deftening thee the *Thufcan's* poefie,
Who skald the skies in lofty *Quatorzain*,
The *Mufes* gaue to thee thy fatall vaine,
The very same, that *Petrarch* had, whereby *Madonna Laures* same is growne so hy,
And that whereby his glory he did gaine.
Thou hast a *Laure*, whom well thou dost commend,
And to her praise thy passion songs do tend;
Yee both such praise deserue, as naught can smother;
In briefe with *Petrarch* and his *Laure* in grace
Thou and thy Dame be equall, saue percase
Thou passe the one, and she excell's the other.

G. Bucke.

To the Authour.

Where finding first, thy Mistres falles to lowre,
Where smiling first, thy Mistres falles to lowre,
When thou did'st hope her curteste to proue;
And sinding thy expected lucke to fayle,
Thou falst from praise, and dost begin to rayle.
To vie great tearmes in praise of thy deuise,
I thinke were vaine: therefore I leaue them out;
Content thee, that the Censure of the wise
Hath put that needeles question out of doubt:
Yet howe I weigh the worke that thou hast wrought,
My judgement I referre vnto thy thought.

T. Achelev

An Ode, written to the Muses Concerning this Authour.

Ou facred *Nymphes, Apolloes* fifters faire, Daughters of *Ioue*, parentes of rare deuife,

Why take you no delight in change of ayre?

Is Helicon your onely paradife?

Hath Britan foyle no hill, no heath, no well,

No wood, no wit, wherein you lift to dwell?

Ladies voutfafe with pacience once to viewe

Our liuely fprings, high hills, and pleafaunte shades,

And as you like the feat and countries hewe,

Pitche downe your tentes, and vse your sporting trades:

Hard hap it is, if nothing here you finde

That you can deeme delightfull to your minde.

Loe Watson prest to enterteine your powre

Loe Watfon prest to enterteine your powre
In pleasante springs of flowing wit, and skill:
If you esteeme the pleasures of his bower,
Let Britan beare your spring, your groue and hill,
That it hence foorth may of your fauour boast,
And him, whome first you heere voutsafe for hoast.

C. Downhalus.

Eiufdem aliud de Authore.

Ræcia permultos peperit fæcunda poetas.

Quorum lapfa diu fæcula, fama manet.

Aufonia Argolicæ tellus post æmula laudis

Transtulit in Latios doetum Helicona sinus.

Acceptam Latium tenuit fouitque poesin,

Jnque dies Laurus auget, Apollo, tuas.

Gallica Parnasso cæpit ditescere lingua,

Ronsardique operis Luxuriare nouis.

Sola quia interea nullum paris Anglia vatem ^{*} Versifices multi, nemo poëta tibi est.

Scilicet ingenium maius fuit haclenùs arte: Forsan et hic merces defit vtrique fua.

Ingenio tandem præstans Watsonus, et arte, Pieridas docuit verba Britanna loqui.

Pieridas docuit verba Britanna loqui.

Et faciles alijs aditus patefecit ad artem.

Quam multi cupiunt fingere, nemo refert.

Is tuus labor est, lúcrum est Watsone, tuorum; Et tua, ne desint præmia, Laurus erit.

T's feldome feene that Merite hath his due, Or els Dezerte to find his iust desire: For nowe Reproofe with his defacing crewe Treades vnderfoote that rightly should aspyre: Milde Industrie discourag'd hides his face, And shuns the light, in feare to meete Difgrace. Seld feene faid I (yet alwaies feene with fome) That *Merite* gains good will, a golden hyre, With whome Reproofe is cast aside for scumme; ,, That growes apace that vertue helps t' aspire; And Industrie well chearish't to his face In funshine walkes, in spight of sowre Difgrace. This fauour hath put life into the pen, That heere prefentes his first fruite in this kinde: He hopes acceptance, friendly graunte it then; Perchaunce fome better worke doth stay behinde. My cenfure is, which reading you shall fee, A Pythy, fiveete, and cunning poefye. M. Roydon.

To the Authour.

F grauer headdes shall count it ouerlight, To treate of Loue: fay thou to them: A flaine Is incident vnto the finest die.

And yet no staine at all it is for thee, These layes of Loue, as myrth to melancholy. To followe fast thy fad Antigone, Which may beare out a broader worke then this, Compyl'd with iudgement, order, and with arte. And shrowde thee vnder shadowe of his winges, Whose gentle heart, and head with learning fraight Shall yeld thee gracious fauour and defence.

G. Peele.

A Quatorzain of the Authour vnto this his booke of Louepassi-

Y little booke goe hye thee hence away, [parte Whose price (God know's) will countervaile no Of paines I tooke, to make thee what thou arte: And yet I ioy thy byrth. But hence I fay, Thy brothers are halfe hurt by thy delaye; For thou thy felfe arte like the deadly dart, Which bred thy byrth from out my wounded hart. But still observe this rule where ere thou staye,

In all thou mai'st tender thy fathers fame,

Bad is the Bird, that fileth his owne neft. If thou be much mislik't, They are to blame, Say thou, that deedes well donne to euill wreft: Or els confesse, A Toye to be thy name;

This trifling world A Toye beforemeth boft.

The Author in this Passion taketh but occasion to open his estate in loue; the miserable accidentes whereof are sufficiently described hereaster in the copious varietie of his deuses: and whereas in this Sonnet he seemeth one while to despaire, and yet by and by after to haue some hope of good successe, the contrarietie ought not to offend, if the nature and true qualitie of a loue passion bee well considered. And where he mentioneth that once hee scorned loue, hee alludeth to a peece of worke, whiche he wrote long since, De Remedio Amoris, which he hath lately persected, to the good likinge of many that haue seene and perused it, though not fully to his owne sancy, which causeth him as yet to kepe it backe from the printe.

Ell fare the life fometimes I ledde ere this,

When yet no downy heare yelad my face:

My heart deuoyde of cares did bath in bliffe,

My thoughts were free in euery time and place:

But now (alas) all's fowle, which then was faire,

My wonted ioyes are turning to defpaire.

Where then I liu'd without controule or checke, An other now is mistris of my minde, Cupid hath clapt a yoake vpon my necke, Vnder whose waighte I liue in seruile kinde:

I now cry creake, that ere I fcorned loue, Whose might is more then other Gods aboue.

I have affaide by labour to eschewe
What fancy buildes vpon a loue conceite,
But nearthelesse my thought reviews anew,
Where in fond loue is wrapt, and workes deceite:
Some comfort yet I have to live her thrall,

In whome as yet I find no fault at all.

38 I I.

In this passion the Author describeth in how pitious a case the hart of a louer is, being (as he sayneth heere) seperated from his owne body, and removed into a darksome and solitarie wildernes of woes. The conveyance of his invention is plaine and pleasant enough of it selfe, and therefore needeth the lesse annotation before it.

Y harte is fett him downe twixt hope and feares Vpon the stonie banke of high defire, To view his own made flud of blubbering teares Whose waves are bitter falt, and hote as fire: There blowes no blast of wind but ghostly grones Nor waves make other noyfe then pitious moanes As life were spent he waiteth Charons boate, And thinkes he dwells on fide of Stigian lake: But blacke despaire some times with open throate, Or fpightfull Ieloufie doth cause him quake, With howlinge shrikes on him they call and crie That he as yet shall nether liue nor die: Thus voyde of helpe he fittes in heavie cafe. And wanteth voyce to make his iust complaint. No flowr but *Hiacynth* in all the place, No funne comes there, nor any heau'nly fainte, But onely shee, which in him felfe remaines, And joves her eafe though he abound in paines.

III. 39

This passion is all framed in manner of a dialogue, wherein the Author talketh with his owne heart, beeing nowe through the commandement and force of loue separated from his bodie miraculouslie, and against nature, to follow his mistres, in hope, by long attendance vpon her, to purchase in the end her loue and sauour, and by that meanes to make him selfe all one with her owne heart.

Peake gentle heart, where is thy dwelling place?
With her, whose birth the heavens themselves have bleft.

What dost thou there? Somtimes behold her face, And lodge fometimes within her cristall brest:

She cold, thou hot, how can you then agree? Not nature now, but loue doth gouerne me.

With her wilt thou remaine, and let mee die?

If I returne, wee both shall die for griefe:

If still thou staye, what good shall growe thereby?

Ile moue her heart to purchase thy reliefe:

What if her heart be hard, and flop his eares? Ile figh aloud, and make him foft with teares:

If that preuaile, wilte thou returne from thence?

Not I alone, her heart shall come with mee:

Then will you both liue vnder my defence?

So long as life will let vs both agree:

Why then difpaire, goe packe thee hence away, I liue in hope to haue a golden daie.

The chiefe grounde and matter of this Sonnet standeth vppon the rehearfall of such thinges as by reporte of the Poets, are dedicated vnto *Venus*, whereof the Authour sometime wrote these three Latine verses.

Mons Erycinus, Acidalius fons, alba columba, Hefperus, ora Pathos, Rofa, Myrtus, et infula Cyprus, Idaliumque nemus; Veneri hac funt omnia facra.

And Forcatulus the French Poet wrote vppon the fame particulars, but more at large, he beginneth thus,

Eft arbor Veneri Myrtus gratifsima, flores Tam Rofa, quam volucres alba columba præit. Igniferum cæli præ cunctis diligit aftris Hefperon, Idalium fæpt adit vna nemus. etc.

Weete *Venus* if as nowe thou stand my friende,
As once thou didst vnto Kinge **Priams fonne,
My ioyfull muse shall neuer make an end
Of praising thee, and all that thou hast done:
Nor this my penne shall euer cease to write
Of ought, wherin sweete *Venus* takes delite.

My temples hedged in with Myrtle bowes Shall fet afide Apolloes Lawrell tree, As did ²Anchifes fonne, when both his browes With Myrtle hee befet, to honour thee:

Then will I fay, the *Rofe* of flowres is beft. And filuer *Dooues* for birdes excell the reft.

Ile praise no starre but *Hefperus* alone, Nor any hill but *Erycinus* mounte, Nor any woodde but *Idaly* alone, Nor any spring but *Acidalian* founte,

Nor any land but onely *Cyprus* floare,
Nor Gods but Loue, and what would *Venus* more?

[·] Materna redimitus tempora Mirto. Virg.

All this Passion (two verses only excepted) is wholly translated out of *Petrarch*, where he writeth,

S' amor non è, che dunque è quel ch'i fento? Part prima Ma s'egli è amor, per Dio che cosa, e quale? Sonnet 103. } Se buona, ond'è l'effetto aspro e mortale?

Se ria, ond'è si dolce ogni tormento ?

Heerein certaine contrarieties, whiche are incident to him that loueth extreemelye, are liuely expressed by a Metaphore. And it may be noted, that the Author in his first halfe verse of this translation varieth from that fense, which Chawcer vseth in translating the selfe same: which he doth vpon no other warrant then his owne simple private opinion, which yet he will not greatly stand vpon.

F't bee not loue I feele, what is it then?

If loue it bee, what kind a thing is loue?

If good, how chance he hurtes fo many men?

If badd, how happ's that none his hurtes difproue?

If willingly I burne, how chance I waile?

If gainst my will, what forrow will auaile?

O liuesome death, O sweete and pleasant ill,

Against my minde how can thy might preuaile?

If I bend backe, and but refraine my will,

If I consent, I doe not well to waile;

And touching him, whome will hath made a flaue, The Prouerbe faith of olde, Selfe doe, felfe houe. Thus beeing toft with windes of fundry forte Through daung'rous Seas but in a flender Boat, With errour fluft, and driu'n befide the porte, Where voide of wifdomes fraight it lies afloate,

I wave in doubt what helpe I shall require, In Sommer freeze, in winter burne like fire.

¹ Adduntur Tufcano hij duo vertus.

This passion is a translation into latine of the selfe same some of Petrarch which you red lastly alleaged, and commeth somewhat neerer vnto the Italian phrase then the English doth. The Author when he translated it, was not then minded euer to haue imboldned him selfe so farre, as to thrust in soote amongst our english Poets. But beinge busied in translating Petrarch his sonnets into latin new clothed this amongst many others, which one day may perchance come to light: And because it besitteth this place, he is content you survey it here as a probable signe of his dayly sufferance in loue.

Oc fi non sit amor, quod persentisco, quid ergo est?
Si sit amor, tum quid sitamor qualisque rogandum:
Si bonus est, vndè essetus producit acerbos?
Sin malus, vnde eius tormentum dulce putatur?
Sique volens vror, quæ tanti causa doloris?
Sin inuitus amo, quid me lamenta iuuabunt?
O læthum viuax, ô delectabile damnum,
Quî sic me superes, tibi si concedere nolim?
Et me si patior vinci, cur lugeo victus?
Aduersis rapior ventis, nulloque magistro,
Per maris essus fluctus, in puppe caduca,
Quæ vacua ingenio, tantoque errore grauata est,
Ipsus vt ignorem de me quid dicere possim:
Frigeo, aum media est æstas; dum bruma, calesco.

VII. 43

This passion of loue is lively expressed by the Authour, in that he lavishile praiseth the person and beautifull ornamentes of his love, one after an other as they lie in order. He partly imitateth herein Aeneas Silvius, who setteth downe the like in deferibing Lucretia the love of Euryalus; and partly he followeth Ariosocant. 7. where he describeth Alcina: and partly borroweth from some others where they describe the samous Helen of Greece: you may therefore, if you please aptlie call this sonnet as a Scholler of good indgement hath already Christened it δινη παραστικη.

Arke you that lift to heare what fainte I ferue:

Her yellowe lockes exceede the beaten goulde;

Her fparkeling eies in heau'n a place deferue;

Her forehead high and faire of comely moulde;

Her wordes are musicke all of filuer founde;

Her wit fo sharpe as like can scarse be found:

Each cybrowe hanges like Iris in the skies;

¹ Her Eagles nose is straight of stately frame; On either cheeke a Rose and Lillie lies; Her breath is sweete persume, or hollie slame; Her lips more red than any Corall stone;

Her necke more white, then aged 2 Swans yat mone;

Her necke more white, then aged ²Swans yat mon Her breft transparent is, like Christall rocke; Her fingers long, fit for Apolloes Lute; Her flipper such as ³Momus dare not mocke; Her vertues all so great as make me mute:

What other partes she hath I neede not say, Whose sace alone is cause of my decaye.

Nasus Aquilinus ex Persarum opinione maiestatem personæ arguit.
 Quale suo recinit funere carmen Olor. Strozza et vide Plin. de cantu Olorino lib, vo. nat, hist. cap. 22.
 Vide Chiliad 1. cent. 5 adag. 74. vbi Erasm. ex Philostrati ad vxorem epistola mutuatur.

44 V I I I.

Action for efpying Diana as shee bathed her naked, was transformed into a Hart, and sone after torne in pieces by his owne houndes, as Ouid describeth at large lib. 3. Metamorph, And Silius Italicus libr. 12. debello Punico glaunceth at it in this manner.

Fama eft, cum laceris Actaon flebile membris Supplicium lueret fpectata in fonte Diana, Attonitum nouitate mala fugisse parentem Per freta Aristaum, etc.

The Author alluding in al this Passion vnto the fault of Actaon, and to the hurte, which hee susteined, setteth downe his owne amorous insolicitie; as Ouid did after his banishmente, when in an other sense hee applied this siction vnto himselse, being exiled (as it should seeme) for having at vnawares taken Casar in some great sault: for thus hee writeth.

Cur aliquid vidi, cur noxia lumina feci? etc. Infeius Actwon vidit fine vefle Dianam, Præda fuit canibus nec minus ille fuis.

Ctaon loft in middle of his fport
Both shape and life, for looking but a wry,
Diana was afraid he would report
What secretes he had seene in passing by:
To tell but trueth, the selfe same hurt haue I

To tell but trueth, the felfe fame hurt have
By viewing her, for whome I dayly die;
I leefe my woonted shape, in that my minde

Doth fuffer wracke vpon the stonie rocke Of her disdaine, who contrary to kinde Doth beare a brest more harde then any stocke;

And former forme of limmes is changed quite By cares in loue, and want of due delight.

I leese my life in that each fecret thought,
Which I conceiue through wanton fond regard,
Doth make me say, that life auaileth nought
Where service cannot have a due reward:

I dare not name the Nimph that works my fmart, Though loue hath grau'n her name within my hart. I X. 45

Clytia (as Perotius witneffeth) was a glorious Nimph, and thereof had her name: for κλέοs in greeke fignifieth glorie: and therfore fheafpired to be the loue of Sol him felfe, who præferring Leucothoe before her, fhe was in fhort fpace ouergonne with fuche extremitie of care, that by compaffion of the Gods fhee was transformed into a Murigolde; which is significantlie called Heliotropium, because euen nowe after change of forme shee still observeth the rising and going downe of hir beloued the sunne, as Ouid mentioneth,

Illa fuum, quamuis radice tenetur,

Vertitur ad Solem, mutataque feruat amorem. Metam. lib. 4. And by this it maie eafilie bee gheffed, whie in this paffion the Authour compareth him felie with the Marigold, and his loue vnto the Sunne.

He Marigold fo likes the louely Sunne, That when he fettes the other hides her face, And when he ginnes his morning course to runne, She fpreades abroad, and showes her greatest grace; So fluts or fprouts my ioy, as doth this flow're, When my Sheefunne doth either laugh or lowre. When fhee departes my fight, I die for paine, In clofing vp my hearte with cloudie care; And yet when once I viewe her face againe, I streight reuiue, and iove my wonted fare: Therewith my heart ofte faies, when all is done, That heau'n and earth haue not a brighter funne. A lealous thought yet puttes my minde in feare, Left *Ioue* him felfe descending from his throne Shoulde take by flealth and place her in his fpheare, Or in fome higher globe to rule alone: [their praye Which if he should, the heau'ns might boast But I (alas) might curfe yat difmall day.

The Authour hath made two or three other passions vpon this matter that is heere conteined, alluding to the losse of his sight and life since the time he first beheald her face, whose loue hath thus bewitched him. But heere hee mentioneth, the blindnesse of Tyresas to proceed of an other cause, then he doth in those his other Sonnettes, And heerein he leaneth not to the opinion of the greater forte of Poets, but vnto some fewe, after whom Polytian hath written also, as followeth;

Baculum dat deinde petentem Tyrefiæ magni, qui quondam Pallada nudam Vidit, et hoc raptam penfauit munere lucem. Suetus in offenfos baculo duce tendere greffus Nec deest ipse sibi, quin sacro instructa surore Ora mouet, tantique parat solatia damni.

Yne 'eyes dye first, which last enioyed life,
Not hurt by bleared eies, but hurt with light
Of such a blazing starre as kindeleth strife
Within my brest as well by day as night:
And yet no poysned Cockatrice lurk't there,
Hervertuous beames dissuade such soolish feare.

Besides, I liue as yet; though blinded nowe Like him, that sawe *Mineruaes* naked side, And lost his sight (poore soule) not knowing howe; Or like to him, whome euil chance betide,

In straying farre to light vpon that place,

Where midst a fount he founde *Dianaes* grace. But he alone, who *Polyphemus* hight,

Trewe patterne was of me and all my woe,

Of all the rest that euer lost their fight:

For being blinde, yet loue possest him so, That he each how'r on eu'ry dale and hill Sung songes of loue to ² Galatæa still.

¹ Quod naturale esse, ait Plinius ² Galatæa was a water Nymph and lib. ii. natur. hist c. 36. daughter to old Nereus.

X I. 47

In this fonnet is couertly fet forth, how pleafaunt a paffion the Author one day enioyed, when by chance he ouerharde his miftris, whilft fine was finging priuately by her felfe: And fone after into howe forrowfull a dumpe, or founden extafie he fell, when ypon the first fight of him she abruptlie finished her fong and melodie.

Goulden bird and Phenix of our age, Whose sweete records and more then earthly voice By wondrous force did then my griefe affwage When nothing els could make my heart rejoyce. Thy teunes (no doubt) had made a later end. If thou hadft knowen how much they flood my frend. When filence dround the latter warbling noate. A fudden griefe eclypft my former ioye, My life it felfe in calling Carons boate Did figh, and fay, that pleafure brought anoy; And blam'd mine eare for liftning to the found Of fuch a fonge, as had increast my wound. My heavie heart remembring what was past Did forrowe more than any tounge can tell: As did the damned foules that floode agast, When Orpheus with his wife return'd from hell:

Yet who would think, that Musike which is swete, In curing paines could cause delites to fleete?

XII. 48

The fubication of this passion is all one with that, which is next before it: but that the Authour fomwhat more highly here extolleth his ladies excellencie, both for the fingularitie of her voyce. and her wonderfull arte in vse and moderation of the fame. But moreouer, in this fonnet, the Authour relateth how after the hearing of his miftris fing, his affection towardes her by tha meanes was more vehemently kindled, then it had bin at any time before.

Meruaile I, why poets heretofore Extold * Arions harp or Mercuries,

Although the one did bring a fifthe to fhore,

And th' other as a 2 figne adorn'd the skies.

Yf they with me had heard an Angells voice, They would vnfay them felues, and praife my choife

Not *Philomela* now deferues the price,

Though fweetely fhe recount her cause of mone:

Nor *Phæbus* arte in muficall deuife,

Although his lute and voyce accord in one;

Musicke her felf, and all the Muses nine,

For skil or voyce their titles may refigne.

O bitter fweete, or hunny mixt with gall,

My hart is hurt with ouermuch delight,

Mine eares wel pleaf'd with tunes, yet deafe with all:

Through muficks helpe loue hath increast his might;

I stoppe mine eares as wife Vliffes bad, But all to late, now loue hath made me mad.

¹ Sic methymnæo ganisus Arione ² Consurgente freto cedit Lyra Delphin, Martial. lib. 8. Cyllenæa Ruff. Fest.

XIII. 49

The Authour descanteth on forwarde vpon the late effect, which the song of his Mistres hath wrought in him, by augmenting the heate of his former loue. And in this passion after he hath set downe some miraculous good effectes of Musicke, hee salleth into question with him selfe, what should be the cause, why the sweete melodie of his Mistres shoulde so much hurte him, contrarie to the kinde and nature of musicall harmonie.

E

Sclepiad did cure with trumpets founde Such men as first had lost their hearing quite:

And many fuch as in their drinke lay drownd

Damon reuiu'd with tunes of graue delight:

And *Theophrast* when ought his minde opprest, Vs'd musickes helpe to bring him felfe to rest:

With founde of harpe *Thales* did make recure Of fuch as lay with pestilence forlorne:

With Organ pipes *Xenocrates* made pure Theire wits, whose mindes long *Lunacy* had worne:

Howe comes it then, that mufick in my minde

Enforceth cause of hurt against her kinde?

For fince I heard a fecret heav'nly fong,

Loue hath fo wrought by vertue of conceite,

That I shall pine vpon supposed wrong

Vnlesse shee yeelde, that did mee such deceit:

O eares now deafe, O wits al drownd in cares,

O heart furpryf'd with plagues at vnawares.

The Authour still pursuing his invention vpon the song of his Mistres, in the last staffe of this sonnet he salleth into this siction: that whilest he greedelie laied open his eares to the hearing of his Ladies voice, as one more then halfe in a doubt, that Apollo him selfe had been at hand, Loue espiying a time of advantage, transformed him selfe into the substance of aier, and so deceisfullie entered into him with his owne great goodwill and desire, and nowe by mayne force still holdeth his possession.

Ome that reporte great Alexanders life, They fay, that harmonie fo mou'd his mind, That off he roafe from meat to warlike ftrife At founde of Trumpe, or noyfe of battle kind, And then, that musickes force of foster vaine Cauf'd him returne from strokes to meat againe. And as for me, I thinke it nothing flrange, That musick having birth from heav'ns aboue. By divers tunes can make the minde to change: For I my felfe in hearing my fweete Loue, By vertue of her fong both tafted griefe, And fuch delight, as yeelded fome reliefe. When first I gan to give attentive eare, Thinking Apollocs voice did haunte the place. I little thought my Lady had beene there: But whileft mine eares lay open in this cafe, Transform'd to ayre Loue entred with my will. And nowe perforce doth keepe possession still.

X V. 51

Still hee followeth on with further deuife vppon the late Melodie of his Miftres: and in this fonnet doth namelie preferre her before Mulicke her felfe, and all the three Graces; affirming, if either he, or els Apollo bee ordeined a judge to give fentence of their defertes on either fide, that then his Ladie can not faile to beare both pricke and prize awaie.

Owe Muficke hide thy face or blush for shame, Since thou hast heard hir skill and warbling voice, Who far beefore thy felse deserv's thy name,

And for a *Science* should bee had in choise:

Or if thou still thy title wilt retaine,

Equall hir fong with helpe of all thy traine. But as I deeme, it better were to yeelde

Thy place to her, to whom the price belonges, Then after strife to leefe both fame and field.

For though rude Satyres like of Marfias fonges,

And Choridon esteeme his oaten quill:

Compare them with hir voice, and both are ill. Nay, which is more, bring forth the Graces three, And each of them let fing hir fong apart, And who doth best twill soone appeare by mee, When shee shall make replie which rules my heart:

Or if you needes will make *Apollo* iudge, So fure 1 am to winne I neede not grudge. 52 X V I.

In this paffion the Authour vpon the late fweete fong of his Miftres, maketh her his birde; and therwithall partlie describeth her worthines, and partlie his owne estate. The one parte he sheweth, by the coulour of her feathers, by her statelie minde, and by that soureintie which she hath ouer him: the other, by description of his delight in her companie, and her strangenes, and drawing backe from a dewe acceptance of his service.

Y gentle birde, which fung fo fweete of late,
Is not like those, that flie about by kind,
Her feathers are of golde, shee wantes a mate,
And knowing wel her worth, is proud of mind:
And wheras fom do keepe their birds in cage,
My bird keepes mee, and rules me as hir page.
She feedes mine eare with tunes of rare delight,
Mine eye with louing lookes, my heart with ioy,
Wherhence I thinke my servitude but light,

And (fure) it is but reason, I suppose,

He seele the pricke, that seekes to pluck the Rose
And who so mad, as woulde not with his will

Leese libertie and life to heare her sing,

Whose voice excels those harmonies that fill Elisian fieldes, where growes eternall spring?

Although in deede I fuffer great annoye:

If mightie *Ioue* should heare what I have hard, She (fure) were his, and all my market marde.

The Author not yet having forgotten the fonge of his miftres, maketh her in this paffion a seconde *Phoenix*, though not of *Arabia*, and yet no leffe acceptable to *Apollo*, then is that bird of *Arabia*. And the cheife caufes why *Sol* shoulde fauour hir, he accounted to be these two, hir excellent beawtie, and hir skill in musike, of which two qualities *Sol* is well knowen to be an especiall cheife patrone, and sometimes the only author or giver of the same.

F Poets have done well in times long past,
To glose on trifling toyes of little price:
Why should not I presume to faine as fast,
Espying forth a ground of good deuise?
A Sacred Nimph is ground whereon ile write,
The fairest Nimph that ever yet saw light.

And fince her fong hath fild mine eares with ioye, Hir vertues pleaf'd my minde, hir face mine eye, I dare affirme what fome will thinke a toy, She *Phanix* is, though not of *Arabie*;

And yet the plumes about hir neck are bright,

And Sol him felfe in her hath chiefe delight.¹ You that will know why Sol afoordes her loue, Seeke but the cawfe why Peakocks draw the place, Where Iuno fitts; why Venus likes the Doue; Or why the Oxile befitts Mineruaes grace;

Then yf you grudge, that she to *Sol* belonge, Marke but hir face, and heare hir skill in songe.

¹ Vide Plinium Natur. hist. lib. 10 cap. 2.

This fotnet is perfectly patheticall, and confifteth in two principall pointes: wherof the first conteyneth an accusation of Loue for his hurtfull effects and vsuall tyrannie; the second part is a sudden recantation or excuse of the Authors euill words, by castinge the same vpon the necke of his beloued, as being the onely cause of his late frenzy and blaspheamous rage so lauishly powed forth in sowle speaches.

Oue is a fowr delight; a fugred greefe;
A liuinge death; an euerdying life;

A breache of Reafons lawe; a fecret theefe;

A fea of teares; an euerlasting strife;

A bayte for fooles; a fcourge of noble witts;

A Deadly wound; a shotte which euer hitts.

Loue is a blinded God; an angry boye;

A Labyrinth of dowbts; an ydle luft;

A flaue to Beawties will; a witles toy;

A rauening bird, a tyraunt most vniust;

A burning heate; A cold; a flattring foe;

A private hell; a very world of woe.

Yet mightie Loue regard not what I faye,

Which lye in traunce bereft of all my witts,

But blame the light that leades me thus astraye, And makes my tongue blaspheme by frantike fitts:

Yet hurt her not, lest I fusteyne the fmart, Which am content to lodge her in my heart. X I X. 55

The Author in this passion reproueth the vsuall description of loue; which olde Poetes haue so long time embraced: and proueth by probabilities that he neither is a childe (as they say) nor blinde, nor winged like a birde, nor armed archer like with bowe and arrowes, neither frantike, nor wise, nor yet vncloathed, nor (to conclude) anie God at all. And yet when he hath said al he can to this end, he cryeth out vpon the secret nature and qualitie of Loue, as being that, whereunto he can by no meanes attaine, although he haue spent a long and tedious course of time in his service.

F Cupid were a childe, as Poets faine, How comes it then that Mars doth feare his might? If blind; how chance fo many to their paine, Whom he hath hitte, can witneffe of his fight? If he have wings to flie where thinkes him best, How happes he lurketh still within my brest? If bowe and shaftes should be his chiefest tooles, Why doth he fet fo many heartes on fire? If he were madde, how could he further fooles To whet theire wits, as place and time require? If wife, how could fo many leeze theire wittes, Or doate through loue, and dye in frantike fittes? If naked still he wander too and froe, How doth not Sunne or frost offend his skinne? If that a God he be, how falles it fo, That all wants end, which he doth once beginne? O wondrous thing, that I, whom Love hath fpent, Can fearcely knowe him felf, or his intent.

56 X X.

In this passion the Authour being ioyfull for a kisse, which he had received of his Love, compareth the same vnto that kisse, which sometime Venus bestowed vpon Aesculapius, for having taken a Bramble out of her soote, which pricked her through the hidden spitefull deceyte of Diana, by whom it was laied in her way, as Strozza writeth. And hee enlargeth his invention vppon the french proverbiall speech, which importeth thus much in essect, that three things proceed from the mouth, which are to be had in high account, Breath, Speech, and Kissing; the first argueth a mans life; the second, his thought; the third and last, his love.

N time long past, when in *Dianaes* chase
A bramble bush prickt *Venus* in the foote,
Olde *Æsculapius* healpt her heavie case
Before the hurte had taken any roote: [hard
Wherehence although his beard were crisping
She yeelded him a kisse for his rewarde.

My lucke was like to his this other day, When she, whom I on earth do worship most, For kissing me vouchsafed thus to say, Take this for once, and make thereof no bost:

¹ Forthwith my heart gaue figne of ioy by fkippes, As though our foules had ioynd by ioyning lippes. And fince that time I thought it not amiffe

To iudge which were the best of all these three; Her breath, her speach, or that her daintie kisse,

And (fure) of all the kiffe best liked me:

For that was it, which did reuiue my hart Opprest and almost deade with dayly smart.

¹ Siquidem opinati sunt aliqui, in osculo fieri animarum combinationem.

In the first staffe of this passion the Authour imitateth Petrarch, Sonetto 211.

Chi vuol veder quantunque pud Natura El ciel tra noi, venga à mirar costei, etc.

And the very like fense hath Seraphine in one of his Strambotti, where he beginneth thus,

Chi vuol ueder gran cofe altiere e nuoue, Venga a mirar costei, laquale adoro: Doue gratia dal ciel continuo pioue, etc.

Ho lift to vewe dame *Natures* cunning fkil,
And fee what heau'n hath added to the fame,
Let him prepare with me to gaze his fill
On her apafe, whose gifts exceed ye trump of fame:
But let him come a pase before she flye

From hence, to fixe her feate aboue the skye. By *Iunoes* gift she beares a stately grace,

Pallas hath placed skill amidd'st her brest;

Venus her felse doth dwell within her face;

Alas I faint to thinke of all the rest:

And shall I tell wherewith I most have warres?

With those her eyes, which are two heau'nly starres. Theire beames drawe forth by great attractive power My moistned hart, whose force is yet so small, That shine they bright, or list they but to lowre, It scarcely dare behold such lights at all,

¹ But fobbes, and fighes, and faith I am vndonne; No bird but *Ioues* can looke against the sunne.

! Vide Plin. nat. hist lib. 10. cap. 3. Scraphinum sonet. 1. vbi de aquila et lib 29 cap. 6. qui de hac re mutuatur ex Aristotelis historia. Porro vide gartissimé canit.

58 X X I I.

The fubstance of this passion is taken out of Scraphine sonetto 127. which beginneth thus.

Quando nascessi amor? quando la terra Se rinueste di verde e bel colore; Di che susti creato? d'vn ardore, Che cio lasciuo in se rinchiude e serra etc.

But the Author hath in this translation inverted the order of fome verses of *Scraphine*, and added the two last of himselfe to make the rest to seeme the more patheticall.

Hen werte thou borne fweet Love? who was thy When Flora first adorn'd Dame Tellus lap, [sire? Then sprung I forth from Wanton hote desire: Who was thy nurse to seede thee first with pap?

Youth first with tender hand bound vp my heade,

Then faide, with Lookes alone I should be fed; What maides had she attendant on her side,
To playe, to singe, to rocke thee fast a sleepe?

Vaine Nicenesse, Beautie Faire, and Pompeous Pride;
By stealth when surther age on thee did creepe;

Where didst thou make thy chiefe abiding place?

Where didft thou make thy chiefe abiding place? In Willing Hartes, which were of gentle race; What if't wherewith thou wageft warres with me? Feare colde as Ife, and Hope as hote as fire; And can not age or death make end of thee? No, no, my dying life ftill makes retire;

Why then fweete *Loue* take pittie on my paine, Which often dye, and oft reuiue againe.

The Author in this passion wisheth he were in like estate and condition with the Looking Glasse of his mistres; by that meanes the oftner to be made happie with her fauourable and faire aspect. And in the last staffe he alludeth somewhat to the inuention of Seraphine, where he vseth these words, in writing upon the Glasse of his beloued.

Che ho visto ogni qual vetro render foco Quando è dal Sol percosso in qualche parte, El Sol che in gliocchi toi dando in quel loco Douria per restexion tutta instammarte etc.

Hou Glasse, wherein that Sunne delightes to fee
Her own aspect, whose beams have dride my hart,
Would God I might possessible like state with thee,
And ioy some ease to quaile my bitter smart:
Thou gazest on her sace, and she on thine;
I see not hers, nor she will looke on mine.
Once having lookt her fill, she turnes thee froe,
And leaves thee, though amaz'd, yet wel content;
But carelesse of my cares, will I or noe,
Still dwells within my breast with tears besprent;
And yet my hart to her is such a thrall,
That she driu'n out, my life departs withals.

But thou deceitfull *Glaffe* (I feare) with guyle Hast wrought my woes to shield thy selfe from ill, Shot forth her beames which were in thee erewhile, And burnt my tender brest against my will:

For *Christall* from it felfe reflectes the Sunne And fyres his coate, which knows not how tis done.

Seraphine in his Strambotti hath many prettie inuentions concerning the Lookingglaffe of his Miftres: wherhence many particulars of this paffion are cunningly borrowed, part beeing out of one place, and part out of another. And in the latter end is placed this fiction by the Authour, that Cupid shooting his arrowe from out the faire eies of his Miftres, did fo wounde him with loue and defire, that now he is paft all recure by any phificke, and therefore is faine to vie the olde verse,

Hei mihi quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.

Hou glaffe, wherein my Dame hath fuch delight,
As when she braues, then most on thee to gaze,
I maruel howe her beames that are so bright
Do neuer cause thy brittle sides to craze:
Thou should'it by reason mealt or easly breake
To feele such force, thy substance being weake.

For when she first with seeming stately grace
Bestowd on me a louing sweete regard,
The beames, which then proceeded from her face
Were such, as for the same I sound no warde,

But needes perforce I must become content To mealt in minde till all my wittes were spent.

And therewithall *Cupido* plaid his part, He shotte a shaft throughout her christall eyes, Wherewith he cleft in twaine my yeelding heart: And this is cause my panting heart still cries,

> I breake, I mealt, helpe heau'ns in my behoue, No herbe doth growe whose vertue cureth loue.

бι

It is to be confidered in reading this Passion, howe in some answeres, the accent or poynting of the wordes is altered, and therewithall howe the Authour walking in the woods, and bewayling his inward passion of *Loue*, is contraried by the replies of *Echo*: whose meaning yet is not so much to gainfay him, as to expresse her own miserable estate in daily consuming away for the loue of her beloued *Narcissus*; whose vnkindnes *Ouid* describeth at large, together with the extreme loue of *Echo*.

Author. None lou's but I. Auth. Thou foolish tattling ghest,

In this thou telft a lie. Etho. thou telft a lie. Author. Why? Loue him felfe he lodgeth in my breft. Etho. He lodgeth in my brest. Auth. I pine for griefe; And vet I want reliefe. Etho. I want reliefe. Author. No starre more faire then she whom I adore. Etho. Then 2he, whom I adore. Auth. Herehence I burne Stil more and more. Ccho. I burne stil more and more, Author. Loue, let my heart returne. Etho. my heart, returne. Auth. Is then the Saint, for whom thou makest mone, And whom I loue, but one? Etho. I loue but one. Author. O heau'ns, is there in loue no ende of ills? Etho. Inloue no ende of ills. Auth. Thou pratting voyce. Dwelft thou in th' ayre, or but in hollow hills? Echo. Inhollowhills. Auth. Ceafe of to vaunt thy choyfe. Echo. Cease of to vaunt thy choyse. Auth. I would replie, But here for loue I die. Etho. for loue I die.

¹ Lib. 3. Metamorph.

² S. Liquescens immutat sensum.

Here the Author as a man ouertaken with fome deepe melancholie, compareth him felfe vnto the Nightingale, and conferreth his vnhappie eftate (for that by no meanes his Mistresse will pitie him) with her nightly complaints: to whose harmonie all those that give attentive eare, they conceive more delight in the musicall varietie of her noates, then they take instruments of the instruments.

Hen Maye is in his prime, and youthfull fpring Doth cloath the tree with leaues, and ground with And time of yere reuiueth eu'ry thing; [flowres, And louely Nature smiles, and nothing lowres:

Then Philomela most doth straine her brest With night-complaints, and fits in litle rest.

This Birds eftate I may compare with mine, To whom fond love doth worke fuch wrongs by day, That in the night my heart must needes repine, And storme with fighes to ease me as I may;

Whilft others are becalm'd, or lye them ftill, Or fayle fecure with tide and winde at will. And as all those, which heare this *Bird* complaine, Conceiue in all her tunes a fweete delight, Without remorfe, or pitying her payne:

So fhe, for whom I wayle both day and night.

Doth fport her felfe in hearing my complaint; A iust reward for feruing such a Saint.

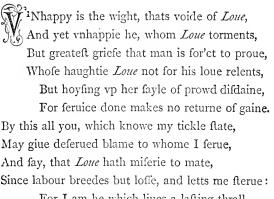
In the first fixe verses of this Passion, the Author hath imitated persectly fixe verses in an *Ode* of *Ronfard*, which beginneth thus:

Celui qui n'ayme est malheureux, Et malheureux est l'amoureux, Mais la miscre, etc.? En son 2. liure du Bocage.

And in the last stasse of this Passion also he commeth very neere to the sense, which Ronsard vseth in an other place, where he writeth to his Miltresse in this maner:

En vens tu baiser Pluton La bas, apres che Caron T'aura mise en sa nacesse?

En ses meslanges.



For I am he which liues a lafting thrall

To her, whose heart affords no grace at all.

She hopes (perchance) to liue and flourish still,

Or els, when *Charons* boate hath selt her peaze,

By louing lookes to conquer *Plutoes* will;

But all in vaine: t'is not *Proserpin's* ease;

She neuer will permit, that any one

Shall ioy his Loue, but she her selse alone.

1 Hii tres versus a Ronsarde describuntur ex Anacreonte Graca.

In this Passion the Authour doth very busilie imitate and augment a certaine Ode of Ronsard, which hee writeth vnto his Mistres; he beginneth, as followeth,

Plusieurs de leurs cors denués Se sont veuz en diuerse terre Miraculeusement mués, L'vn en Serpent, et l'autre en Picrre, L'vn en Fleur, l'autre en Arbrissau L'vn en Loup etc.?

Au luire des les meslanges

Any haue liu'd in countreys farre and ny,

Whose heartes by *Loue* once quite consum'd away,

Strangely their shapes were changed by and by,

One to a *Flow'r*, an other to a *Bay*, [mone,

One to a *Streame*, whose course yet maketh

One to a *Doue*, an other to a *Stone*.

But harke my *Deere*; if wishing could preuaile, I would become a *Christall Mirrour* I, Wherein thou might'st behold what thing I aile: Or els I would be chang'd into a *Flie*,

To tast thy cuppe, and being dayly ghest
At bord and bedde, to kiffe thee mid'st thy rest;
Or I would be *Perfume* for thee to burne,
That with my losse I might but please thy smell;
Or be some facred *Spring*, to serue thy turne,
By bathing that, wherein my heart doth dwell;

But woe is me, my wishing is but vaine, Since fate bidds *Loue* to work my endlesse paine. The Authour in this Sonnet in a large maner fetteth forth the furpassinge worthines of his Ladie, reporting her beawtie and forme to be so singuler, that neither Appelles can perfectly drawe her portraicte; nor Praxiteles trewly frame her image and likenes in any kinde of metall. And the like vnablenes he awardeth vnto Virgil and Homer the two Paragons of Poetrye, if they should but once endeuour to praise her. And the like insufficiencie he sayeth would be found in Tullie him selfe, if he should endeuour to commend her. And then finally he excuseth his owne bould hardines shewed in praysing her, vpon the forcible extremitie, which he abideth in Loue, and the earnest desire, which he hath to please.

Vch is the Saint, whom I on earth adore,

As neuer age shall know when this is past,

Nor euer yet hath like byn seene before:

Apelles yf he liu'd would stand agast

1 With coulours to set downe her comely fare,

With coulours to let downe her comely fare, Who farre excells though *Venus* were in place.

Praxiteles might likewise stand in doute
In metall to expresse her forme arighte,
Whose praise for shape is blowne the world throughout:
Nor Virgill could so good a verse indite

As onely would fuffife to tell her name;
Nor Homer with his Muse expresse her fame;
Tully, whose speach was boulde in eu'ry cause,
Yf he were here to praise the Saint I serue,
The number of her giftes would make him pause,
And seare to speake how well she doth deserve.

Why then am I thus bould that have no skill? Enforst by *Love* I shew my zealous will.

¹ Here he aludeth vnto the pour- Si Venerem Cous nunquam traict of Venus which Apelles drew; pinxisset Appelles.

as Ould doth lib. 3. de art. aman.

In the first part of this Passion the Author prooueth, that hee abideth more vnrest and hurt for his beloued, then euer did Læander for his Hero: of which two paramours the mutuall feruency in Loue is most excellently set foorth by Museus the Greeke Poet. In the second part he compareth himselfe with Pyramus, and Hæmon king Creons Sonne of Thebes, which were both so true hearted louers, that through Loue they suffered vntimely death, as Ouid netam. lib. 4. writeth at large of the one, And the Greeke Tragedian Sophocles in Antig. of the other. In the last, in making comparison of his paynes in Loue to the paines of Orpheus descendinge to hell for his Eurydice, he alludeth to those two verses in Strozza,

Tartara, Cymba, Charon, Pluto, rota, Cerberus, angues, Cocytes, Phlegeton, Stix, lapis, vrna, stis.

Hat though *Leander* fwamme in darkfome night,
Through troubled *Helespont* for *Heroes* fake;
And loft his life by loffe of *Seflus* light?

The like or more my felfe do vndertake, When eu'ry howre along the lingring yeare,

My ioye is drownde, and hope blowne out with And what though *Pyram* fpent his vitall breath [feare.

For Thisbes fake? or Hæmon choase to die

To follow his *Antigone* by death?

In harder cafe and worfer plight am I,

Which loue as they, but liue in dying flill, And faine would die, but can not haue my will.

We reade that *Orpheus* with his Harpe of golde,

For his *Euridice* went downe to hell:

The toyle is more, by that time all be tolde,

Which I endure for her, whose heart is fell;

The Stigian Curre, the Wheele, the Stone, the Fire. And Furies all are plac't in my defire.

There needeth no annotation at all before this Passion, it is of it selfe so plaine, and easily conuayed. Yet the vulcarned may haue this helpe geuen them by the way to know what Galaxia is, or Pactolus, which perchaunce they haue not read off often in our vulgar Rimes. Galaxia (to omit both the Etimologie and what the Philosophers doe write thereos) is a white way or milky Circle in the heauens, which Ouid mentioneth in this manner.

Est via sublimis cœlo manisesta sereno, Lactea nomen habet, candore notabilis irso.

Metamorph. lib. 1.

And Cicero thus in fomnio Scipionis; Erat autem is fplendidissimo candore inter flammas circulus elucens, quem vos (vt a Graijs accepistis) orbem lacteum nuncupatis.

Pactolus is a riuer in Lidia, which hath golden fandes vnder it, as Tibullus witneffeth in this verse,

Nec me regna inuant, nec Lydius auriser amnis. Tibul. lib. 3.

Ho can recount the vertues of my deare,
Or fay how farre her fame hath taken flight,
That can not tell how many flarres appeare
In part of heau'n, which Galaxia hight,
Or number all the moates in Phebus rayes,
Or golden fandes, whereon Pactolus playes?
And yet my hurts enforce me to confesse,
In crystall breast she shrowdes a bloudy hart,
Which hart in time will make her merits lesse,
Vnlesse betimes she cure my deadly smart:
For nowe my life is double dying still,

And fhe defam'de by fuffrance of fuch ill;
And till the time fhe helpes me as fhe may,
Let no man vndertake to tell my toyle,
But onely fuche, as can diffinctly fay,
What Monsters Nilus breedes, or Affricke foyle:

For if he doe, his labour is but loft, Whilf I both frie and freeze twixt flame and froft. Here the Authour by fayning a troublefome dreame, expresset a full Passion of Loue. And how soeuer some wil conster of this kinde of inuention, it is euident, that the like hath bin vsuall amongst those that haue excelled in the sweetest vaine of Poetrie. And (to let the rest goe,) it may please him that is curious to finde some president hereof, to visite but the works of Hercules Strozza, who in his Somnium hath written so exquisitely, that the Dreame will quite his trauaile, that shall peruse it with due attention.

N Thetis lappe, while Titan tooke his rest, I flumbring lay within my reftleffe bedde, Till Morpheus vI'd a falfed foary iest, Prefenting her, by whom I still am ledde: For then I thought she came to ende my wo. But when I wakt (alas) t'was nothing fo. Embracing ayre in fleed of my delight, I blamed *Loue* as authour of the guile, Who with a fecond fleepe clozd vp my fight, And faid (me thought) that I must bide a while Ixions paines, whose armes did oft embrace False darkned clouds, in steed of *Iunoes* grace. When I had laine and flumbred thus a while, Rewing the dolefull doome that Loue affign'd, A woman Saint, which bare an Angels face.

> With that I wakt, forgetting what was past, And sawe t'was *Hope*, which helped thus at last.

Bad me awake and eafe my troubled minde:

¹ Eroticon, lib. 2.

In this Sonnet the Authour is of opinion, that his Miftres (by the fatall appoyntement of definie) was from the beginning referued to liue in these times, and to bee the onely gouernesse and subiect of his thoughtes: whereas: if either she had bene borne, when Paris was to giue sentence vpon Ida for bestowing the Golden Apple; she had (as he supposeth) bene preferred before Iuno, Pallas and Venus, and moreouer supplied that place in the loue of kinge Priams sonne, whiche Helen of Greece obteined: or if shee had then liued when Bacchus tooke Ariadne to wife, she had bene conuayed in her steede, vnto that place in heau'n, where nowe the Crowne of Ariadne called *Corona Gnosia doth shine continuallie, beinge beautisted with greate varietie of lightsome starres.

Hen *Priams* fonne in midst of *Ida* plaine
Gaue one the price, and other two the foile,
If she for whom I still abide in paine
Had liued then within the *Troyan* foile,
No doubt but hers had bene the golden ball,
Helen had scaped rape, and *Troy* his fall.

Or if my Dame had then enioyed life When Bacchus fought for Ariadnaes loue, No doubt but she had onely bene his wife, And slowne from hence to fit with Gods aboue:

For fhe exceedes his choife of *Create* fo farre As *Phebus* doth excell a twinckeling flarre.

But from the first all sates have thus affign'd, That she should live in these our latter dayes, I thinke to be are a sway within my minde

And feede my thoughtes with frendly fweete delayes;

If fo it be, let me attend my chaunce,

And fortune pipe when I beginne to daunce. 2

¹Cuius ortum et occasum memorat ² Assai ben balla a chi Fortuna Plinius nat. hist. lib. 18. c. 28. et. c. 31. suona.

The Author in this Sonnet very highly commendeth the most rare excellencies of his mistres, auouching her to haue no equall. And he imitateth the second Sonnet, Nelle rime di messer Agnolo Fiorenzuola the Florentine, whose beginning is all one with that heere; and this it is:

Deh le mie belle donne et amorofe, Ditemi il ver per vostra cortesia, Non è chiara tra voi la donna mia, Come è l'Sol chiar tra tutte l'altre cofe?

E stately *Dames*, whose beauties farre excell, Of courtesie confesse at my request,

Doth not my *Loue* amongst you beare the bell, As *Phebus* goulden rayes obscures the rest Of *Planet Starres*, and dimmeth eu'ry light

That shines in heau'n or earth by day or night? Take wistly heed in vewing her sweete face, Where nature hath express what ere she could

Eather for bewties blaze or comely grace:

Since when to prize her worke she breake the moulde,
So that who seekes to finde her *Equall* out,
Intends a thing will nere be brought about.
Therefore sweete *Ladies* all voutchase with me

To follow her defert, and my defire, By prayling her vnto the ninth degree,

", For honour by due right is vertues hire,

And *Enuies* mouth must saye when all is donne,

No *Bird* but one is facred to the sunne

In this Passion the Authour, as being blinded with Loue, first compareth himselfe with Tiresas the old Soothsayer of Thebes, whome Iuno depriued of sight; but Ioue rewarded him with the spirit of prophecy. Then he alludeth vnto Action: And lastly he sheweth why he is in worse case, then those, which by vewing Medusas heade were turned into stoanes, leesing both life and light at once; and so concludeth, that olde accursed Oedipus of all other best besitteth him for a companion.

Hen first mine eyes were blinded with *Desire*,
They had newe seene a *Second Sunne* whose sace
Though cleere as beaten snowe, yet kindled fire
Within my brest, and moulte my heart apase:
Thus learned I by proofe, what others write,

That Sunne, and fire, and fnowe offend the O ten times happie blinded Theban wight, [fight. Whose losse of fight did make him halfe divine, Where I (alas) have lost both life and light, Like him, whose hornes did plague his heedles eyen;

And yet was he in better case then I, Which neither liue, nor can obtaine to dye.

All *Perfeus* foes that fawe *Medufaes* heade,

By leefing fhape and fenfe were quitte from thrall;

But I feele paines, though blinde and double deade,

And was my felfe efficient caufe of all:

Wherefore, of all that ere did cease to see

¹ Old *Oedipus* were meetest mate for me.

¹ Vide Sophocl. aut Senecam in trasedijs suis de Oedipi miserijs.

Here the Author misliketh of his wearisome estate in loue, for that he neither obtaineth any fauour at the handes of his Miftres for his good thought or speach, nor by his louinge lookes, or presents, nor by his humilitie in writing, or long sufferance in feruitude. And herehence he blameth her ouerhardnes of heart, and the froward constellation of his owne natiuitie: and

therewithall abandoning all further defire of life, hath in request vntimely death, as the only end of his infelicitie. Ach thought I thinke is frend to her I Loue; I ftill in fpeach vse course of gentle wordes; My louing lookes are fuch as ought to moue; My giftes as greate as mine estate affordes; My letters tell in what a cafe I fland, Though full of blots through fault of trembling I dewly daunce attendance as I may, With hope to pleafe, and feare to make offence; All fou'raintie to her I graunt for aye; And where she hurtes yet make I no defence; Sobbes are the fonge, wherein I take delight; And shew'rs of teares do dayly dimme my fight. And yet all this doth make but small availe, Her heart is hard, and neuer will relent. No time, no place, no prayer can preuaile, The heau'ns them felues diffauour mine intent: Why fhould I then defire a longer life,

To weaue therein a webbe of endlesse strife?

The Author in this passion doth by manner of secret comparison preferre his beloued before all other women whatsoeuer: and perfinadeth vpon the examples of all fortes of Goddes (whom loue hath ouertaken at one time or other) that the worthines of his Mistres being well considered, his owne fondnes in loue must of force be in it selfe excusable.

F *Ioue* himfelfe be fubiect vnto *Loue*And range the woodes to finde a mortall praie:

If Neptune from the seas himselfe remoue,

And feeke on fandes with earthly wightes to plaie:

Then may I loue my peerelesse choise by right,

Who farre excels each other mortall wight.

If *Pluto* could by loue be drawne from hell,

To yeeld him felfe a filly *Virgins* thrall: If *Phebus* could youtfafe on earth to dwell,

To winne a rustike maide vnto his call:

Then, how much more should I adore the fight

Of her, in whom the heau'ns themselues delight?

If cuntrie Pan might followe Nymphes in chafe,

And yet through loue remaine deuoyd of blame:

If Satirs were excuf'd for feeking grace

To ioy the fruites of any mortall Dame:

Then, why fhould I once doubt to loue her ftill,

On whom ne Goddes nor men can gaze theire fill?

In the first staffe of this Passion the Authour expresses hower fondly his friendes ouertrouble him, by questionings with him touching his loue, or accidents thereof. In the two last vertes of the second staffe he imitateth those verses of Sophocles:

"Ερωτι μέν νυν ὅςτις ἀντανίσταται Πύκτης ὅπως, ἐς χεῖρας, οὐ καλῶς φρονεῖ. Οὖτος γὰρ ἄρχει καὶ θεῶν, ὅπως θέλει. In Trachinijs which may be thus Englished,

That man, which champion like will striue with Loue And combate hand to hand, hath little witte: For as he list he rules the Gods above.

And in the laft, he fetteth downe his mind fully bent to perfift conftantly in the loue and feruice of his Ladie: like to that, which *Stephanus Forcatulus* (an excellent Ciuilian, and one of the beft Poetes of Fraunce for these many yeares) wrote vnto his beloued *Clytia*:

Quin noclu pluuium citiùs mirabimur arcum, Solque domo Hefperidum mane propinquus erit, Quam capiat lepidæ me fæda obliuio nymphæ, etc.?

Ome aske me, when, and how my loue begunne; Some, where it lies, and what effectes it hath; Some, who she is, by whome I am vndone; Some, what I meane to treade so lewde a path; I answere all alike, by answing nought, But, blest is he, whome Cupid neuer caught: And yet I coulde, if forrowe woulde permit.

And yet I coulde, if forrowe woulde permit. Tell when and howe I fix't my fancie first, And for whose fake I lost both will and wit, And choase the path, wherein I liue accurst:

But fuch like deedes would breed a double foare, For love gainefaide growes madder then before. But note herewith, that fo my thoughts are bound To her in whome my libertie lies thrall, That if fhe would voutchfafe to falue my wound. Yet force of this my love should never fall,

Till *Phæbus* víe to rife from out the *Weft*, And towardes night feeke lodging in the *Eaft*.

The fecond part of this Passion is borrowed from out the fifte Sonnet in Petrarch part 1. whose words are these,

Piu volte gia per dir le labbra apersi:
Poi rimase la voce in mezz'l petto:
Ma qual suon poria mai sair tant'alto?
Piu volte incominciai di scriuer versi,
Ma la penna, e la mano, e lo'ntelletto
Rimaser vinto nel primier assalto.

Hen first these eyes beheld with great delight

The Phanix of this world, or fecond Sunne, Her beames or plumes bewitched all my fight. And loue encreast the hurte that was begunne: Since when my griefe is grow'ne fo much the more. Because I finde no way to cure the soare, I have attempted oft to make complainte, And with fome dolefull wordes to tell my griefe, But through my fearefull heart my vovce doth fainte. And makes me mute where I shoulde craue releife: An other while I thinke to write my paine, But streight my hand laies downe the pen againe. Sometimes my mind with heapes of doubtefull cares Conioyn'd with fawning hoapes is fore opprest, And fometime fuddeine ioy at vnawares Doth moue to much, and fo doth hurte my breft; What man doth liue in more extreemes then these, Where death doth feeme a life, and paines doe please?

76 X L.

The fense contained in this Sonnet will seeme straunge to such as neuer haue acquainted themselues with Loue and his Lawes, because of the contrarieties mentioned therein. But to such, as Loue at any time hath had vnder his banner, all and euery part of it will appeare to be a samilier trueth. It is almost word for word taken out of Petrarch, (where hee beginneth,

Pace non truouo, e non ho da far guerra; Parte prima E temo, espero, etc.?)

All, except three verses, which this Authour hath necessarily added, for perfecting the number, which hee hath determined to yie in euery one of these his Passions.

I feare

Ioy not peace, where yet no warre is found;
I feare, and hope; I burne, yet freeze withall;
I mount to heau'n, yet lie but on the ground;
I compasse nought, and yet I compasse all;
I liue her bond, which neither is my foe,
Nor frend; nor holdes me fast, nor lets me goe;

Loue will not that I liue, nor lets me die;
Nor lockes me fast, nor suffers me to scape;
I want both eyes and tongue, yet see and cry;
I wish for death, yet after helpe I gape;

I hate my felfe, but loue an other wight;

And feede on greefe, in lieu of fweete delight;

At felfe fame time I both lament and ioy; I fill am pleafd, and yet displeafed fill;

Love fometimes feemes a God, fometimes a Bov:

Sometimes I fincke, fometimes I fwimme at will:

Twixt death and life, fmall difference I make; All this deere *Dame* befals me for thy fake.

X L I. 77

This Passion is framed vpon a somewhat tedious or too much affected continuation of that figure in Rhethorique, whiche of the Grekes is called $\pi \alpha \lambda i \lambda o \gamma i a$ or $d \alpha \delta i \pi \lambda \omega i s$, of the Latines Reduplicatio: whereof $Susceptible{Susceptible}$ if I well remember me) alleadgeth this example out of Virgill,

Sequitur pulcherrimus Austur, Austur equo sidens. Æneid. 10.



Happy men that finde no lacke in Loue;
I Loue, and lacke what most I do desire;
My deepe desire no reason can remoue;
All reason shunnes my brest, that's set one fire;
And so the fire mainetaines both sorce and slame,
That sorce analyses have against the same.

That force auayleth not againft the fame; One onely helpe, can flake this burning heate, Which burning heate proceedeth from her face, Whose face by lookes bewitched my conceite, Through which conceite I liue in woefull case;

O woefull cafe, which hath no ende of woe,

Till woes haue ende by fauour of my foe;

And yet my foe mainetaineth fuch a Warre,

As all her Warre is nothing els but Peace;

But fuch a Peace, as breedeth fecreat Iarre,

Which Iarre no witte, nor force, nor time can cease;

Yet cease despaire: for time by witte, or force, May force my frendly soe to take remorfe.

In this Passion the Authour vnder colour of telling his dreame doth very cunningly and liuely praise his Mistres, so farre forth, as not onely to prefer her before Helen of Greece for excellencie of beautie, but also before howe many soeuer are nowe liuing in this our age. The dreame of it selfe is so plainely and effectually set downe (albeit in sewe wordes) that it neede no further annotation to explaine it.

His latter night amidst my troubled rest

A Difmall Dreame my fearefull hart appald,

Whereof the somme was this: Loue made a Feast,

To which all Neighbour, Saintes and Gods were calde:

The cheere was more then mortall men can thinke,

And mirth grew on, by taking in their drinke.

Then *Ioue* amidft his cuppes for feruice done
Gan thus to ieft with *Ganymede* his boy;
I faine would finde for thee my preaty *Sonne*A fayrer Wife, then *Paris* brought to *Troy*:

A fayrer Wife, then *Paris* brought to *Troy*:

Why, fir, quoth he, if *Phebus* fland my frend, [end. Who know's the world, this geere will foone haue Then *Ioue* replide that *Phebus* flould not choose But do his best to finde the fayrest face;

And she once found should neither will nor choose But yeelde her felse, and chaunge her dwelling place;

Alas, how much was then my hart affright,
Which bade me wake and watch my faire delight?

The fense or matter of this Passion is taken out of Seraphine in his Strambotti, who writeth thus,

Se Salamandra in fiamma viue, e in fuoco, Non me flupifce quel che fà natura, Ma costei che è di giaccio, e io di fuoco, È in mezo del mio cuor vuie ficura; Chi la defende in così ardente fuoco, Che douendo sguagliar diuenta dura? Solo Amor di Natura aspro aduerfario, Che à suo dispetto vuisce ogni contrario.

He Salamander liues in fire and flame,
And yet but wonder fmall in Natures worke:

By straunger force *love* winnes away her same, As causing colde in midst of heat to lurke.

Who lift of these my paines to take the view, Will soone confesse that what I say, is true.

For one as colde as hardest frozen yse,
Is fixed fast, and lodgeth in my brest;
Whome reason can remoue by no deuise,
Nor any force can cause to let me rest:

And yet I ftill fo fwimme in hoate defire,
That more I burne then either flame or fire.
How ftraunge is this? can contraries fo gree,
That Ife in flame will neither waste nor melt,
But still encrease, and harder growe to bee,
Then erst before? all this my selfe haue selt.

For *Loue* Dame *Natures* foe, without remorfe, Thus coopleth contraries in me by force.

In this Passion the Authour misliketh one while his estate, and by and by after liketh of the same againe, vppon hoape and likelyhoode of amendment, and throughout the whole Sonnet hee sayneth his Mistres to bee a Second Sunne: and by expressinge his private inselicitie, in either alwayes meltinge away with Loue, or growinge stiffe throughe Death approachinge neere him by reason of dayly cares, hee maketh allusion vnto the diverse effectes of the Sunne, whiche maketh the clay much harder, and the wax softer, then it was before.

Hat Second Sunne, whose beames have dimd my fight, So scorched hath my hart and senses all,
That cloggd with cares, and voide of all delight,
I onely seeke, and sue to be her thrall;
Yet soe this heate increaseth day by day,
That more and more it hast'neth my decay.

Sometimes I melt, as if my limmes were wex, Sometimes grow stiffe, as if they were of clay; Thrife happy he whome *Loue* doth neuer vexe, For any *Second Sunne* doth mealt away:

Nay curfed I blaspheme the fayrest Light
That euer yet was seene by day or night.
Perchaunce her parching heates will once repair.
My hart againe, and make me all anew:
The *Phenix* so reuiues amids the ayre
By vertue of that *Sunne* which all men view:

The vertue of my *Sunne* exceedes the fkye, By her I shall reviue, though first I die.

X L V. 81

The Authour vseth in this Passion the like sense to that which he had in the last before it, calling his Mistres a Second Sunne vpon earth, wherewith Heauen it selse is become in Loue: But when he compiled this Sonnet, he thought not to have placed it amongst these his English toyes.



Oelices alij iuuenes, quos blandula Cypris
Aptos fecit amoribus,

Exoptare folent tenebrofa crepufcula noclis, Auroræ maledicere:

At multo est mihi chara magis pulcherrima coniux Tythoni gelidi senis,

Dum venit in prima furgentis parte diei, Et Soles geminos mihi

Apperit, et mæsto fælices reddit ocellos, Quòd Soles videam duos,

Qui simili forma, simili sic luce coruscant, Et mittunt radios pares,

Vt Polus ipfe nouo Terræ laqueatus amore Flammis inuideat meis,

Solis et ignoto fe torreat igne fecundi, Oblitus decoris fui,

Haud fecus atque olim, Cum veris prima venustas Multo store superbijt,

Et nitidos primùm strophijs ornâre capillos Pulchri Naïadum chori. Here the Author bewaileth the extremitie of his eftate growinge dayly to be more troublefome then before, and all through the hard hart of his beloued: whome he therefore aptly compareth vnto a ftony rocke, which nothinge can moue or wafte awaye but longe continuance of time. And hereuppon, after hauing longe ftriued with himfelfe and his passions, hee is quyetly resoluted to haue patience, and so long to perseuer in the still hoping minde of a trewe louer, till by long continuance of time Love be induced to stande his friend.

Which voyde of hoape continue still her thrall,
Whose heart is hard, and neuer will assigne
A raunsome day, nor once will bow at all,
Much like the stony rocke, whose hardned side
Will scarfely weare with course of time or tide.

And yet, fince time can weare each thinge away, I will enforce my felfe to liue content,
Till fo my thoughtes haue fed vpon delay,
That Reafon rule the roaft and *love* relent;

O vaine attempt in striuing with Dispaire, I build nought els but castles in the ayre.

For why: the Sunne may fooner shine by night,
And twinckling starres giue glimsinge sparkes by day:
Then I can cease to serue my Sweete delight,
Whome neither force nor time can driue away:

Therefore in hoape that *loue* will fland my frend I thus conclude, Each thing but *loue* hath end.

This Passion conteineth a relation through out from line to line; as, from euery line of the first staffe as it standeth in order, vnto euery line of the second staffe: and from the second staffe vnto the third. The oftener it is read of him that is no great clarke, the more pleasure he shall haue in it. And this pose a scholler set down ouer this Sonnet, when he had well considered of it: Tam casu, quam arte et industria. The two first lines are an imitation of Seraphine, Sonnetto 103.

Col tempo el Villanello al giogo mena El Tor si fiero, e si crudo animale, Col tempo el Falcon s'usa à menar l'ale E ritornare à te chiamando à pena

N time the Bull is brought to weare the yoake; In time all haggred Haukes will floope the Lures; In time fmall wedge will cleaue the flurdieft Oake; In time the Marble weares with weakest shewres: More fierce is my fweete love, more hard withall, Then Beaft, or Birde, then Tree, or Stony wall. No yoake preuailes, fhee will not yeeld to might; No Lure will cause her stoope, she beares full gorge; No wedge of woes make printe, she reakes no right; No shewre of tears can moue, she thinkes I forge: Helpe therefore *Heau'nly Boy*, come perce her breft With that fame fhaft, which robbes me of my reft. So let her feele thy force, that fhe relent; So keepe her lowe, that fhe vouchfafe a pray; So frame her will to right, that pride be fpent; So forge, that I may speede without delay; Which if thou do, I'le fweare, and finge with ioy, That Love no longer is a blinded Boy.

This Passion containeth two principal pointes. In the first are placed two similitudes; in both which the Authour expresses his own wisfulnes in loue. In the second, he compareth the beautifull eyes of his Mistresse vnto the eyes of the Basilique, which killeth a man with his onely sight being a farre of: whereof Lucan lib. 9. faith thus,

Sibilaque effundens cunctas terrentia peftes, Ante venena nocens, laté fibi fubmouet omne Vulgus, et in vacua regnat Bafilicus arena.

And Mantuan in like manner.

Natus in ardenti Libyæ Basiliscus arena, Vulnerat aspectu, luminibusque necat.

When Birders beate the bush, and shake his nest,
He sluttring forth streight slies vnto the light,
As if it were the day newe sprong from East,
Where so his wilfull wings consume away,
That needes he must become the Birders pray:

Or, as the Flye, when candles are alight,
Still playes about the flame vntill he burne:
Euen fo my heart hath feene a heau'nly fight,
Wherehence againe it hardly can returne:

The beames thereof conteine fuch wondrous flame, That *Ioue* him felfe would burne to fee the fame.

I meane a Virgins face, whose beautie rare,
Much like the Basilique in Lybia soyle,
With onely fight is cause of all my care.

And loads my yeelding heart with endlesse toyle; Yet needes I must confesse she hath more grace, Then all the *Nimphes* that haunt *Dianaes* chase.

The Author in this Song bewrayeth his dayly Passions in loue to be so troublesome, that to avoide the flames thereof, hee gladly and faine would yeelde himselse to die, were it not that he seareth a further inconvenience would then arise. For he doubteth least those slames, wherein his soule continually burneth, shall make Charon assaile to graunt him passage over the Lake of Stix, by reason, his old withered beat is apt to take fire.

O great a Light hath fet my mind on fire, That flesh and boane consume with secreat flame, Each vaine dries vp, wit yeeldes to deepe defire: I fcarce (alas) dare fay, for very fhame, How faine my foule an interchaunge would make Twixt this her prefent State and Limbo lake; And yet she dread's, least when she partes from hence, Her Heates be fuch, that Charon will retire. And let her passe for prayer, nor for 1pence. For feare his with'red boat be fet on fire; So daung'rous are the flames of Mighty Loue In Stix it felfe, in earth, or heau'n aboue. Wherefore deere Dame voutchfafe to rew my cafe, And falue the foare which thou thy felfe hast made: My Heates first grew by gazing on thy face, Whose lights were fuch, that I could find no shade:

And thou my weary Soule bend all thy force, By Plaintes and Teares to moue her to remorfe.

¹ Naulum intelligit, de quo Iuuenal : Miserum est post omnia perdere naulum

86 L.

In this Passion is effectually set downe, in how straunge a case he liueth that is in loue, and in how contrary an estate to all other men, which are at defiaunce with the like follye. And this the Authour expresseth here in his owne person: therewithall calling vpon Loue, to stand his frend; or, if he saile, vpon death, to cut of his wearysome life.

While others feede, my fancy makes me fast;
While others liue fecure, I feare mischaunce;
I dread no force, where other stand agast;
I follow sute where Fortune leades the Daunce,
Who like a mumming mate so throwes the Dice,
That Reason leesing all, Love winnes the price;

Which *Loue* by force fo worketh in my breft, That needes perforce I must encline my will To die in dreames, whiles others liue in rest, And liue in woes while others feele none ill.

O gentle *Death* let heere my dayes haue ende,
Or mightie *Loue*, fo vfe me as thy frend.
Mine eyes are worne with teares, my wittes with woe,
My coulour dride with cares, my hart with paines,
My will bewitcht, my limmes confumed foe,
That fcarfely bloud, or vitall breath remaynes:

While others ioy, or fleepe, I wayle and wake: All this (*Deere Dame*,) I fuffer for thy fake.

Tityus was the fonne of *Iupiter*, and for attempting to dishonest *Latona*, was slaine by Apollo. Since which time the Poetes faine that for punishment he lieth in hell, miserably tormented with a rauening *Vulture*, which feedeth vpon his bowels continuallie: and they as they are consumed, still miraculously growe vp againe, to breed his endlesse miserie, as the Poet witnesset,

Quid dicam Tityum, cuius fub vulnere fœuo Viscera nascuntur gravibus certantia pænis?

Claud. in Gigantomachia.

The Authour compareth his passions with the paines of this Tityus, and imitateth Seneca writing to the like effect,

Vultur relicto transuolet Tityo ferus, Meumque pænæ semper accrescat iecur.

F Tityus wretched wight beheld my paines,
He would confesse his woundes to be but small,

A Vultur worse then his teares all my vaines,

Yet neuer lets me die, nor liue at all:

Would Gods a while I might possesse his place, To judge of both, which were in better case.

The *Hell* is darke, wherein he fuffreth fmarte, And wants not fome Compartners of his greefe:

I liue in Light, and fee what hurtes my hart, But want fome mourning mates for my releefe;

His Paine is iust rewarde, his crimes were such:

My greatest fault is this, I loue too much.
Why then, fince too much loue can breede offence,
Thou daung'rous Bird, the roote of my defire,
Goe pearch elswhere, remoue thy felfe from hence;
I freeze like Ife, and burne like flaming fire:

Yet flay good Bird: for if thou foare away, Twixt Froft and Flame my dayes will foone decay. 88 LII.

i

t.

Here the Authour after fome dolorous discourse of his vnhappines, and rehearfall of some particular hurtes which he suffeineth in the pursute of his loue: first questioneth with his Lady of his deferte; and then, as havinge made a sufficiente proofe of his innocency, perswadeth her to pitte him, whom she herselse hath hurte. Moreover it is to be noted, that the first letters of all the verses in this Passion being joyned together as they stand, do conteine this pose agreeable to his meaning, Amor me fungit et vrit.

World of woes doth raigne within my breft, My penfiue thoughtes are cou'red all with care, Of all that fing the Swanne doth please me best. O Restraint of ioyes exiles my woonted fare, r Mad mooded *Loue* vfurping Reafons place M Extremitie doth ouer rule the cafe. e P Paine drieth vp my vaines and vitall bloud, Vnleffe the Saint I ferue geue helpe in time: 11 None els, but she alone, can do me good. n Graunt then ye Gods, that first she may not clime Immortall heau'ns, to live with Saintes above, Then she vouchsafe to yeeld me loue for loue. E Examine well the time of my diftreffe Thou dainty Dame, for whom I pine away, V Vnguyltie though, as needes thou must confesse, Remembring but the cause of my decay: r

> In vewing thy fweete face arose my griese, Therefore in tyme youchsafe me some reliefe.

The two first partes of this Sonnet, are an imitation of certaine Greeke verses of *Theocritus*; which verses as they are translated by many good Poets of later dayes, so moste aptlye and plainely by *C. Vrcinus Velius* in his Epigrammes; hee beginneth thus,

Nuper apis furem pupugit violenter Amorem Ipfum ex atucolis clam mella fauofque tegentem, Cui fummos manuum digitos confixit, at ille Indoluit, lafæ tumuerunt vulnere palmæ: Planxit humum, et faltu trepidans pulfauit, et ipft Oftendens Veneri, cafum narrauit acerbum, etc.

Here tender *Loue* had laide him downe to fleepe, A little *Bee* fo flong his fingers end,

That burning ache enforced him to weepe
And call for ¹*Phebus* Sonne to fland his frend,
To whome he cride, I muse so small a thing
Can pricke thus deepe with suche a little Sting,

Why fo, fweet *Boy*, quoth *Venus* fitting by? Thy felfe is yong, thy arrowes are but fmall And yet thy shotte makes hardest harts to cry? To *Phebus* Sunne she turned therewithall,

And prayde him flew his skill to cure the fore, Whofe like her *Boy* had neuer felt before.

Then he with Hérbes recured foone the wound, Which being done, he threw the Herbes away, [ground, Whofe force, through touching *Loue*, in felse same By haplesse hap did breede my hartes decay:

For there they fell, where long my hart had li'ne To waite for *Loue*, and what he should affigne.

In this Passion the Authour boasteth, howe found a pleasure he lately enioyed in the companie of his Beloued, by pleasing effectually all his fiue senses exterior, and that through the onely benefite of her friendly presence, and extraordinarie fauour towards him. And in many choyse particulars of this Sonnet, he imitateth here and there a verse of Ronsards, in a certaine Elegie to Ianet peintre du Roy: which beginneth thus,

Pein moi, Ianet, pein moi ie te supplie Dans ce tableau les beautés de m'amie De la façon, etc.

Hat happie howre was that I lately past With her, in whome I fedde my fenfes all? With one fure fealed kiffe I pleas'd my taft; Mine eares with woordes, which feemed Muficall; My fmelling with her breath, like Ciuet fweete; My touch in place where modestie thought meete. But shall I fay, what objectes held mine eye? Her curled Lockes of Golde, like Tagus fandes; Her Forehead fmooth and white as *Iuory*, Where Glory, State and Bashfullnes held handes; Her Eyes, one making Peace, the other Warres; By Venus one, the other rul'd by Mars; Her Egles Nose; her Scarlate Cheekes halfe white; Her Teeth of *Orient* Pearle; her gracious fmile; Her dimpled Chinne; her Breast as cleere as light; Her Hand like hers, 1who Tithon did beguile.

For worldly ioyes who might compare with mee, While thus I fedde each fense in his degree?

L V. 91

The whole inuention of all this Passion is deducted out of Seraphine, Sonnet 63. whose verses if you reade, you will iudge this Authors imitation the more praise worthy; these they are,

Come alma affai bramofa e poco accorta
Che mai visto hauca amor se mon depinto,
Dispost vn di cercar suo Laberinto,
Vedere el monstro, e tanta gente morta.
Ma quel fil deragion che chi per scorta
Del qual su tutto el ceco loco cinto
Subito, ahime, su da lui rotto e vinto,
Talche mai piu trouar seppi la porta.

Y heedeleffe hart which *Loue* yet neuer knew,
But as he was describ'd with Painters hand,
One day amongst the rest would needes goe view
The *Labyrinth* of *Loue*, with all his band.

To fee the *Minotaure* his ougly face, And fuch as there lay flaine within the place.

But foone my guiding thrid by Reafon fpunne,
Wherewith I past a long his darkesome caue,
Was broake (alas) by him, and ouerrunne,
And I perforce became his captiue slaue:

Since when as yet I neuer found the way To leave that maze, wherein fo many stray.

Yet thou on whome, mine eyes haue gaz'd fo longe May'ft, if thou wilt, play *Ariadnaes* part, And by a fecond Thrid reuenge the wronge, Which through deceit hath hurt my guiltleffe hart;

Vouchfase in time to saue and set me free, Which seeke and serve none other *Saint* but thee. 92 LVI.

The first Staffe of this Passion is much like vnto that invention of Seraphine in his Strambotti, where he saith,

Morte: che voui? te bramo: Eccomi appresso; Prendemi: a che? che manchi el mio dolore; Non posso: ohime, non puoi? non per adesso; Perche? però che in te non regna il core. etc.

The fecond Staffe fomewhat imitateth an other of his Strambotti in the fame leafe; it beginneth thus,

Amor, amor: chi è quel che chiama tanto? Vn tuo seruo sidel; uon ti conosco; etc.

The Authour in the laste Staffe, returneth to entreate Death a new, to ende his dayes, as being halfe perswaded that *Loue* would restore vnto him his hart againe.

Ome gentle Death; who cals? one thats opprest:
What is thy will? that thou abridge my woe,
By cutting of my life; cease thy request,
I cannot kill thee yet: alas, why soe?
Thou want'st thy Hart. Who stoale the same away?
Loue, whom thou seru'st, intreat him si thou may.
Come, come, come Loue: who calleth me so oft?
Thy Vassall true, whome thou should'st know by right.
What makes thy cry so faint? my voyce is softe,
And almost spent by wayling day and night.

Why then, whats thy request? that thou restore To me my Hart, and steale the same no more. And thou, O Death, when I possesse my Hart, Dispatch me then at once: why so?

By promise thou art bound to end my smart.

Why, if thy Hart returne, then whats thy woe?

That brought from colde, It neuer will defire To reft with me, which am more hote then fire.

93

Here the Authour cheerefully comforting himfelfe, rebuketh all those his frendes, or others whatsouer, which pitie his estate in Loue: and groundeth his invention, for the moste part, vpon the old Latine Prouerbe, Confuctudo est altera natura. Which Prouerbe hee confirmeth by two examples; the one, of him, that being borne sarre North seldome ketcheth colde; the other of the Negro, which beinge borne vnder a hote climate, is neuer smoothered with overmuch heate.

LI yee, that greeue to thinke my death fo neere, Take pitie on your felues, whose thought is blind;

Can there be Day, vnleffe fome Light appeare?

Can fire be colde, which yeeldeth heate by kinde?

If Love were past, my life would foone decay,

Love bids me hoape, and hoape is all my stay.

And you, that fee in what eftate I fland, Now hote, now colde, and yet am living flill, Perfuade your felues, *Loue* hath a mightie hand, And custome frames, what pleafeth best her wil.

A ling'ring vse of *Loue* hath taught my brest To harbor strife, and yet to liue in rest.

The man that dwelles farre North, hath feldome harme With blast of winters wind or nipping frost:

The Negro feldome feeles himfelfe too warme

¹ If he abide within his natiue coast;

So, Loue in me a Second Nature is,

And custome makes me thinke my Woes are Bliffe.

¹ For both experience teacheth and Philosophical reason apprough, than trey though Spaine be more temperan Ethyopian may easily in Spaine be rate than Ethyopia is.

Actna, called in times past Inesa, as Volaterranus witnesseth, is a hollow hill in Sicilia, whose toppe burneth continuallie, the fire being maintained with a vaine of brimstone, and other such like Mineralles, which are within the said Mountaine. Which notwithstanding, the bottome of the hill is verie pleasant, as well for the aboundance of sweete fruites and slowers, as for the number of freshe springes and sountaines. The Poetes saine, that when Iuppiter had with his thunderboltes beaten downe the Gyantes of the earth, which rebelled against heauen, he did forthwith couer and oppresse them all with the weight of this hill Actna. These thinges being well considered, together with the verse of Horace;

(Deus immortalis haberi

De arte Poetica.

Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Ætnam Infiluit.)

It may eafily appeare, why the Author in this passion compareth his heart vnto the hill.

Here is a monstrous hill in Sicill soyle,
Where workes that limping God, which Vulcan hight,
And rebell Gyantes lurke, whome Ioue did soyle,
When gainst the heau'ns they durst presume to fight;
The toppe thereof breathes out a burning slame,
And Flora sittes at bottome of the same.

My fwelling heart is fuch an other hill,
Wherein a blinded God beares all the fwaye,
And rebell thoughtes refifting reafons skill
Are bound by will from starting thence awaye;
The toppe thereof doth smoake with scalding smart,

The toppe thereof doth fmoake with fealding fmart. And feldome loyes obtaine the lowest parte.

Yet learne herewith the diffrence of the twaine:

Empedocles confum'd with Actnaes fire

When godheade there he fought, but all in vaine:

But this my heart, all flaming with defire, Embraceth in it felfe an Angels face,

Which beareth rule as Goddesse of the place.

LIX. 95

The Author in this Passion accuseth his owne eyes, as the principall or onelie cause of his amorous infelicitie: wherein his hearte is so oppressed continuallie with euils, which are contrarie in them selues, that reason can beare no swaye in the cause. Therefore in the ende, he instantlie entreateth his Ladie of her speedie sauoure and goodwill, alleaginge what hurte may growe through her longer delaye.

Hat thing, wherein mine eyes haue most delight, Is greatest cause my heart doth suffer paine:

Such is the hurt that comes by wanton fight;
Which reason striues to vanquish all in vaine;
This onely sense, more quicke then all the rest,
Hath kindled holie fire within my brest.

And fo my mourning hearte is parching drie With fending fighes abroade, and keeping care, What needes it must consume if longe it lye In place, where such a slame doth make repare:

This flame is *Loue*, whome none may well intreate, But onely flee, for whome I fuffer heate.

Then peerelesse *Dame*, the ground of all my griese, Voutsase to cure the cause of my complainte:

No fauoure els but thine can yeelde reliefe. But helpe in time, before I further fainte,

- " For Daunger growes by lingringe till the laft,
- , And phifick hath no helpe, when life is past.

96 LX.

The Authour groundeth this Passion vpon three poyntes. In the first, he sheweth how he witting and wilfully followeth his owne hurt, with such like words as *Medaa* fometime vsed,

Video meliora, proboque,
Deteriora feguor, etc.

Ouid Metam lib. 7.

In the fecond, he excuseth his fault vpon the maine force and tyrannie of *Loue*, being the onely gouernour of his wil. And lastly, he humbly entreateth his *Lady* for the restitution of his wonted libertie: desiring her not to exact more of him, then his abilitie of bodie or mind can well susteine, according to the olde verse.

Pelle magis rabida nihil est de Vulpe petendum.

As euer man, whose Love was like to mine?

I follow still the cause of my distresse,
My Hart foreseeing hurte, doth yet encline
To seeke the same, and thinkes the harmethe lesse.
In doing thus, you aske me what I ayle:
Against maine force what reason can prevaile?

Loue is the Lord and Signor of my will,
How shall I then dispose of any deede?
By forced Bond, he holdes my freedome still,
He duls each sense, and makes my hart to bleede.

Thou Sacred Nimph, whose vertue wanteth staine,

Agree with Loue, and fet me free againe.

Of this my weary Life no day shall fall,

Wherein my penne shall once thy praise forget:

No Night with sleepe shall close mine eyes at all,

Before I make recount of such a debt:

Then force me not to more then well I may,

Besides his Skinne, the Fox hath nought to pay.

LXI.

97

The invention of this Passion is borrowed, for the most parte from Seraphine Son. 125. Which beginneth,

S'el gran tormento i fier fulmini accest Perduti hauessi, e li suoi strali Amore, I n'ho tanti traffitti in meggio el core, Che sol da me li potriano esser resi; E se de gli ampli mari in terra stest Fusse priuo Neptuno, io spando sore Lagryme tante, che con più liquore Potrebbe nuoui mari hauer ripresi; etc.

F Loue had loft his shaftes, and Loue downe threw

His thundring boltes, and fpent his forked fire, They onely might recourred be anew From out my Hart crofwounded with defire; Or if Debate by Mars were loft a space, It might be found within the felfe fame place; If Neptunes waves were all dride vp and gone, My weeping eyes fo many teares diftill, That greater Seas might grow by them alone; Or if no flame were yet remayning still In Vulcans forge, he might from out my breft Make choife of fuch as should befit him best. If Aeole were depriu'd of all his charge, Vet foone could I restore his windes againe, By fobbing fighes, which forth I blow at large, To moue her mind that pleasures in my paine; What man, but I, could thus encline his will To line in Love, which hath no end of ill?

98 LXII.

That the vulgar forte may the better vnderstand this Passion, I will briefly touch those, whom the Author nameth herein, being al damned soules (as the Poets saine) and destinate vnto sundrie punishmentes. Tantalus hauing his lippes still at the brinke of the riuer Eridanus, yet dieth for thirst. Ixion is tied vnto a wheele; which turneth incessantly. A vulture feedeth vpon the bowels of Tityus, which growe vp againe euer as they are deuoured. Sisyphus rowleth a great rounde stoane vp a steepe hill, which being once at the top presently salleth downe amaine. Belides are fifty sisters, whose continual taske is, to fill a bottomlesse tube full of water, by lading in their pitchers full at once.

N that I thirst for such a Goddesse grace
As wantes remorfe, like *Tantalus* I die;
My state is equall to *Ixions* case,
Whose rented limm's ar turn'd eternally,
In that my tossing toyies can have no end, [friend.
Nor time, nor place, nor chaunce will stand my

In that my heart confuming neuer dyes,
I feele with *Tityus* an equall payne,
On whome an euer feeding Vultur lyes;

In that I ryfe through hope, and fall againe By feare, like *Sifyphus* I labour flill

To turle a rowling stoane against the hill; In that I make my vowes to her alone, Whose eares are dease, and will retein no sound, With *Belides* my state is all but one.

Which fill a tub, whose bottome is not found.

Awondrous thing, yat Loue should make the wound, Wherein a second Hell may thus be found. Loue hath two arrowes, as Conradus Celtis witneffeth in these two verses:

Per matris astrum, et per sera specula, Quæ bina sert sæuus Cupido, etc.

Odarum. lib. 1.

The one is made of leade, the other of golde, and either of them different in quality from the other. The Authour therfore faineth in this Passion, that when Cupid had stroken him with that of lead, soone after pittying his painefull estate, he thought good to strike his beloued with the other. But her brest was so hard, that the shaft rebounding backe againe, wounded Loue him selfe at vnawares. Wherehence sell out these three inconveniences; sirst, that Loue himselfe became her thrall, whome hee shoulde have conquered; then, that she became proud, where she should have been friendly; and lastly, that the Authour by this meanes despaireth to have any recure of his vnquiet life, and therfore desireth a speedie death, as alluding to those sentencing the other strokes.

τί γὰρ βροτῶν ἄν ξὸν κακοῖς μεμιγμένων θνήσκειν ὁ μέλλων, τοῦ χρόνου κέρδος φέροι. Electra.

which may be thus Englished paraphrastically.

What can it him awaile to live a while,
Whome, of all others, evilles are betyde?

Oue hath two shaftes, the one of beaten gold, By stroake wherof a sweete effect is wrought: The other is of lumpishe leaden mould,

And worketh none effect, but what is nought:

Within my brest the latter of the twaine [paine. Breades feare, feare thought, and thought a lasting

One day amongst the rest sweete *Loue* beganne To pitty mine estate, and thought it best

To perce my Deare with golde, that the might fcanne My cafe aright, and turne my toyles to reft:

But from her brest more hard then hardest flint His shafte flewe backe, and in him felfe made

And this is cause that *Loue* doth sloup her lure, [printe. Whose heart he thought to conquere for my sake; That she is proude; and I without recure:

Which triple hurtedoth cause my hope to quake: [disease,

Hoape lost breedes griefe, griefe paine, and paine Difease bringes death, which death will onely please. This Passion is of like frame and sashion with that, which was before vader the number of XLI. whetherto I referre the Reader. But touching the sense or substance of this Passion, it is euident, that herein the Authour, by layinge open the long continued grieuesomnes of his misery in Love, seeketh to move his Mistres to some compassion.

Y humble fute hath fet my minde on pride,
Which pride is cause thou hast me in distaine.
By which distaine my woundes are made so wide,
That widenesse of my woundes augmentes my paine,
Which Paine is cause, by force of secreate iarres,
That I sustaine a brunt of private Warres.

But cease deere Dame to kindle further strife,

Let Strifes haue ende, and Peace enioy their place;

If Peace take place, Pitie may saue my life,

For Pitie should be showne to such as trace [awry,

Most daung'rous wayes, and tread their stepp's

Or live my woes: and fuch a one am I.

Therefore My Deere Delight regard my Love,
Whome Love doth force to follow Fond Defire,
Which Fond Defire no counfell can remove;
For what can counfell doe, to quench the fire

That fires my hart through fancies wanton will?

" Fancie by kind with Reafon striueth still.

In the first and second part of this passion, the Author proueth by examples, or rather by manner of argument, A maiori ad minus, that he may with good reason yeeld him selfe to the imperie of Loue, whome the gods them selues obey; as Iuppiter in heauen, Neptune in the seas, and Pluto in hell. In the last staffe he imitateth certaine Italian verses of M. Girolamo Parabosco; which are, as solloweth.

Occhi tuoi, anzi stelle alme, et satali, Selua Seconda. Oue ha prescritto il ciel mio mal, mio bene: Mie lagrime, e sospir, mio riso. e canto; Mia spene, mio timor; mio soco e siaccio; Mia noia, mio piacer; mia vito e morte.

Ho knoweth not, how often Venus fonne
Hath forced Iuppiter to leaue his feate?
Or els, how often Neptune he hath wunne
From feaes to fandes, to play fome wanton feate?
Or, howe he hath conftraind the Lord of Stix
To come on earth, to practife louing trickes?
If heau'n, if feaes, if hell must needes obay,
And all therein be subject vnto Loue;
What shall it then auaile, if I gainsay,
And to my double hurt his pow'r do proue?
No, no, I yeeld my selfe, as is but meete:
For hetherto with sow'r he yeeldes me sweet.

For hetherto with low'r he yeeldes me lweet.

From out my *Mistres* eyes, two lightsome starres,
He destinates estate of double kinde,
My teares, my smyling cheere; my peace, my warres;
My sighes, my songes; my feare, my hoping minde;
My fyre, my frost; my ioy, my forrowes gall;
My curse, my prayse; my death, but life with all

This Latine passion is borrowed from Petrarch Sonetto 133. which beginneth.

Hor, ch'l ciel, e la terra e'l vento tace, E le fere, e gli angelli il fonno affrena, Notte'l carro stellato in giro mena, E nel suo letto il mar senz'onda giace; etc.

Wherein he imitated Virgill, speaking of Dido, thus.

Nox erat, et tacitum carpebant fessa soporem
Corpora etc.

And this Author prefumeth, vpon the paines he hath taken, in faithfully translating it, to place it amongst these his owne passions, for a signe of his greate sufferance in loue.

Vm cælum, dum terra tacet, ventusque silescit,

Dumque seras, volucresque quies completitur alta,

Noxque agit in gyrum stellantes sydere currus,

Inque suo lecto recubat sine stumine Pontus,

Multa ego contemplor; studeo; constagro; gemisco

Et, mea quæ dulcis pæna est, mihi semper oberrat.

In me bella gero plenusque doloris et iræ,

Paxque mihi modica est Lauræ solius in vmbra.

Oritur ex vno claro mihi sonte et acerbum,

Et quod dulce sapit; quorum depascor utroque:

Vnica meque manus lædit, læsoque medetur,

Martyriumque meum nullo quia limite clausum est,

Mille neces pacior, vitas totidemque resumo

Quoque die; superestque mihi spes nutta salutis.

A man finguler for his learning, and magistrate of no small accoumpt, upon slight survey of this booke of passions, eyther for the liking he had to the Author, or for his owne private pleasure, or for some good he conceyued of the worke, voutchfased with his own hand to set down certaine posses concerning the same: Amongst which, this was one, Love hath no leaden heeles. Whereat the Author glaunceth throughout al this Sonnet; which he purposely compyled at the presse, in remembrance of his worshipfull frend, and in honour of his golden posse.

Hen Cupid is content to keepe the skies,
He neuer takes delight in standing still,
But too and froe, and eu'ry where he slies,
And eu'ry God subdueth at his will,
As if his boaw were like to Fortunes wheele,

Him felfe like her, having no leaden heele.

When other whiles he passeth *Lemnos* Ile,
Vnhappy boy he gybes the ¹Clubsote Smith,
Who threatens him, and bids him stay a while,
But laughing out he leaues him he forthwith,

And makes him felfe companion with the *Winde* To fhew, his heeles are of no leaden kinde.

But in my felfe I haue too trewe a proofe: For when he first espyde my raunging *Heart*, He *Falcon* like came sowling from aloose, His swiftly falling stroake encreast my smart:

As yet my *Heart* the violence it feeles,
Which makes me fay, *Love hath no leaden heeles*.

The Author hath wrought this passion out of certaine verses of Stephanus Forcatulus, which are these.

Cor mihi punxit amor, sed punxit præpete telo; figitur hoc tum plus, cum magis excutio. etc. Carpere dictamum Cretæa nil iuuet Ida, quo vellunt cerui spicula fixa leues. Telephus hæc eadem satalia vulnera sensit, sanare vt tantum, qui sacit illa, queat.

And whereas the Author in the end of this passion, alludeth to the woundes of *Telephus*, he is to be vnderstoode of that *Telephus*, the Sonne of *Hercules*, of whose wounde, being made and healed by *Achilles* onely, *Ouid* writeth thus.

Vulnus Achillæo quod quondam fecerat hosti, De remed. Vulneris auxilium Pelias hasta tulit lib. 1.

And Propertius in like manner lib. 2.

Myfus et Hæmonia iuuenis qui cufpide vulnus Senferat, hac ipfa cufpide fensit opem.

Suidas mentioneth an other Telephus, an excellent Grammarian of Pergamus.

N fecrete feate and centre of my hearte,
Vnwares to me, not once fuspecting ill,
Blinde Cupides hand hath fixt a deadly dart,
Whereat how ere I plucke, it sticketh still,
And workes effect like those of Arab soyle,
Whose heades are dipt in poyson steed of oyle.
If 't were like those, wherewith in Ida plaine
The Cratan hunter woundes the chased deere,
I could with Dictame drawe it out againe,

And cure me fo, that skarre should scarce appeare:

Or if *Alcides* shaft did make me bleed,

Machaons art would fland me in fome fleede. But being, as it is, I must compare

With fatall woundes of *Telephus* alone, And fay, that he, whose hand hath wrought my care, Must eyther cure my fatall wounde, or none:

Helpe therefore gentle *Loue* to eafe my heart, Whose paines encrease, till thou withdraw thy dart.

¹ He alludeth to the wound of Philoctetes.

In the first staffe of this Passion, The Authour as one more then halfe drowping with despaire, forrowfully recountest fome particular causes of his vnhappinesse in Loue. In the residue, he entreatest a better aspecte of the Planets, to the end, that either his life may bee inclined to a more happie course, or his death be hastned, to end all his misery at once.

Y ioyes are donne, my comfort quite difmay'd, My weary wittes bewitch't with wanton will, My will by Fancies heedeles faulte betrayd, Whose eyes on Beauties face are fixed still, And whose conceyte Folly hath clouded soe, That Loue concludes, my heart must live in woe.

But change afpect ye angry starres aboue, And powrs divine restore my liberty, Or graunte that soone I may enioye my *Love*, Before my life incurre more misery:

For nowe fo hotte is each affault I feele
As would diffolue a heart more harde then steele.

Or if you needes must worke my deadly smart,

Performe your charge by hashing on my death

In fight of her, whose eyes enthrall my heart: Both life and death to her I doe bequeath,

In hope at last, she will voutsafe to say,

I rewe his death, whose life I made away.

106 L X X.

In this passion the Authour some what a farre off imitateth an Ode in *Gervasius Sepinus* written to *Cupid*, where hee beginneth thus:

Erotopægn!-

con. lib. 1.

Quid tenelle puer, Pharetra vbinam eft?
Vbi arcus referens acuta Lunæ
Bina cornua? vbi flagrans Amoris
fax? vbi igneus ille arcus, in quo
De ipfis Cælicolis, virifque victis
Vinctifque ante ingum aurcus triumphas?
Haud poffent tua fumma numina vnam,
Vnam vincere Virginem tenellam?
Qui fortes animos pudicæ Elifæ
Fortioribus irrigans venenis
Vicifi: etc.

Which made ere this the Gods themselves to bow? Shall she alone, which forceth my Desire,
Report or thinke thy Godhead is so small,
That she through pride can scape from being
Whilom thou overcam'st the stately minde [thrall?

Whilom thou ouercam'st the stately minde [thral Of chast Eissa queene of Carthage land,
And did'st constraine Pasiphae gainst her kind,
And broughtest Europa saire to Creta fande,

Quite through the fwelling Seas, to pleafure *Ioue*,
Whose heau'nly heart was touch't with mortall loue.
Thus wert thou wunt to shewe thy force and flight,
By conqu'ring those that were of highest race,
Where nowe it seems thou changest thy delight,
Permitting still, to thy no small disgrace,

A virgin to defpife thy felfe, and me, Whose heart is hers, where ere my body be. The Authour writeth this Sonnet vnto his very friend, in excuse of his late change of study, manners, and delights, all happening through the default of Love. And here by examples he provent vnto him, (calling him by the name of Titus, as if him selfe were Gy/tphus) that Love not onely worketh alteration in the mindes of men, but also in the very Gods them selves; and that so farre forth, as first to drawe them from their Celestiall seates and functions, and then to ensnare them with the vnseemely desire of mortall creatures, a Passion ill besitting the maiesty of their Godheads.

What makes thee muse at this my present plight,
To see my woonted ioyes enioy their end
And how my Muse hath lost her old delight?

"This is the least effect of Cupids dart,
"To change the minde by wounding of the heart.

Alcides fell in loue as I haue done,

Alcides tell in loue as I have done,
And layd afide both club and Lions skinne:
Achilles too when he faire Bryfes wunne,

To fall from warres to wooing did beginne.

Nay, if thou lift, furuey the heau'ns aboue, And fee how *Gods* them felues are chang'd by *Loue*.

Ioue steales from skies to lye by Lædaes side;

Areas descendes for faire Aglaurus sake,

And Sol, so soone as Daphne is espied,

To followe her his Chariot doth forsake:

No meruaile then although I change my minde, Which am in loue with one of heav'nly kinde. In this Sonnet The Authour feemeth to specifie, that his Beloued maketh her aboade in this our beautifull and faire Citty of London; fituate vpon the fide of the Themfe, called in latine *Thamefis*. And therefore, whilft he faineth, that *Thamefis* is honourably to be conueyed hence by all the Gods, towardes the Palace of old Nereus, he feemeth to growe into fome iealofie of his miftres, whose beautie if it were as well known to them, as it is to him, it would (as he faith) both deferue more to be honoured by them, and please Tryton much better, then Thamesis, although she be the fairest daughter of old Oceanus.

Ceanus not long agoe decreed To wedd his dearest daughter Thamesis To Tryton Neptunes fonne, and that with speede: When *Neptune* fawe the match was not amiffe, Hee prayde the Gods from highest to the least, With him to celebrate the Nuptiall feast.

Loue did descend with all his heau'nly trayne, And came for Thamesis to London side, In whose conduct each one imployd his paine To reuerence the flate of fuch a Bride:

But whilft I fawe her led to Nereus Hall, My iealous heart begann to throbb withall. I doubted I, left any of that crewe, In fetching *Thamefis*, shou[1]d fee my *Loue*, Whose tising face is of more liuely hewe, Then any Saintes in earth, or heau'n aboue: Befides, I fear'd, that Tryton would defire

My Loue, and let his Thamesis retyre.

Here the Author, by faining a quarrell betwixt Loue and his Heart, vnder a fhadow expresset the tyrannie of the one, and the miserie of the other: to sturre vp a inst hatred of the ones iniustice, and cause due compassion of the others vnhappines. But as he accused Loue for his readines to hurt, where he may; so he not excuse the Heart, for desiring a faire imprisonment, when he neded not: thereby specifying in Loue a wilfull malice, in his Heart a heedlesse follie.



Rue to thinke vpon the difmall day
When Cupid first proclamed open warre
Against my Hearte; which sledde without delay,
But when he thought from Love to be most farre,
The winged boy preuented him by slight,
And led him captiuelyke from all delight.

The time of triumph being ouerpast,

He scarcely knew where to bestowe the spoile,

Till through my heedlesse Heartes desire, at last,

He lockt him vp in Tower of endlesse toyle,

Within her breft, whose hardned wil doth vexe Her filly ghest softer then liquid wex.

This prison at the first did please him well, And seem'd to be some earthly *Paradise*, Where now (alas) *Experience* doth tell,

That *Beawties* bates can make the fimple wife,

And biddes him blame the bird, that willingly

Choafeth a golden cage for liberty.

The Author in this passion, vpon a reason secret vnto him selse, extolleth his Mistres vnder the name of a Spring. First he preserreth the same before the sacred sount of Diana, which (as Ouid witnessets). Metam:) was in the valley Gargaphie, adioyning to Thabes: then, before Tagus the samous river in Spaine, whose sandes are intermixt with stoare of gold, as may be gathered by those two verses in Martiall lib. 8.

Non illi fatis est turbato sordidus auro Hermus, et Hesperio qui sonat orbe Tagus.

And lastly, before *Hippocrene*, a fountaine of *Baotia*, now called the well of the *Muses*, and fained by the *Poëts*, to have had his fource or beginning from the heele of *Pegasus* the winged horse.

Lthough the droppes, which chaung'd Actions
Were halfe divine, and from a facred fount; [shape,

Though after Tagus fandes the world do gape;

And Hippocrene stand in high account:

Yet ther's a *Spring*, whose vertue doth excell *Dianaes* fount, *Tagus*, and *Pegase* well.

That happie how'r, wherein I found it furst.

And sat me downe adioyning to the brinke,

My sowe it felse, suppris'd with vnknow'n thurst,

Did wish it lawfull were thereof to drinke;

But all in vaine : for Loue did will me flay

And waite a while in hope of fuch a pray.

This is that *Spring* quoth he, where *Neclar* flowes,

Whose liquor is of price in heaun's aboue; This is the *Spring*, wherein fweet *Venus* showes,

By fecrete baite how Beautie forceth Loue.

Why then, quoth I, deere *Loue* how shall I mend, Or quench my thurst, vnlesse thou stand my frend?

In this passion the Authour boroweth from certaine Latine verses of his owne, made long agoe vpon the loue abuses of *Iuppiter* in a certaine peece of worke written in the commendation of women kinde; which he hath not yet wholie persected to the print. Some of the verses may be thus cited to the explaining of this passion, although but lamelie.

Accipe vt ignaram candentis imagine Tauri Luferit Europam ficta etc. Quam nimio Semelen fuerit complexus amore. etc. Qualis et Afterien aquilinis presperit alis: Quoque dolo Lædam ficto sub olore sesellit. Adde quod Antiopam Satyri sub imagine etc. Et suit Amphytrio, cum te Tirynthia etc. Æginæque duos ignis sub imagine natos etc. Parrhasiam sictæ pharetra Vultuque Dianæ, Mnemosynen pastor; serpens Deoida lusit. etc.

Ouid writeth fomewhat in like manner. Metam. lib. 6.

Ot she, whom *Ioue* transported into *Crete*; Nor *Semele*, to whom he vow'd in hast; Nor she, whose slanckes he fild with sayned heate;

Nor whome with Ægles winges he oft embrast;

Nor Danaë, beguyl'd by golden rape;

Nor she, for whome he tooke Dianaes shape;

Nor faire Antiopa, whose fruitefull loue He gayned Satyr like; nor she, whose Sonne

To wanton *Hebe* was conioyn'd aboue; Nor fweete *Mnemofyne*, whose loue he wunne

In shepheardes weede; no such are like the Saint,

Whose eyes enforce my feeble heart to faint.

And *Ioue* him felfe may storme, if so he please, To heare me thus compare my *Loue* with his: No forked fire, nor thunder can disease

This heart of mine, where stronger torment is:

But O how this furpasseth all the rest,

That she, which hurtes me most, I loue her best.

In this Sonnet the Author being, as it were, in halfe a madding moode, falleth at variance with *Loue* himfelfe, and blafphemeth his godheade, as one that can make a greater wounde, then afterwardes he him felfe can recure. And the chiefe caufe that he fetteth downe, why he is no longer to hope for helpe at *Loues* hande, is this, becaufe he him felfe could not remedie the hurt which he fufteyned by the loue of faire *Pfyches*.¹

Hou foolish God the Author of my griese,

If *Pfyches* beames could set thy heart on fire,

How can I hope, of thee to haue reliese,

Whose minde with mine doth suffer like desire?

Henceforth my heart shall sacrifice elswhere

To such a *Sainte* as higher porte doth beare.

And fuch a *Saint* is fhe, whom I adore, As foyles thy force, and makes thee fland aloofe; None els, but fhe, can falue my festred soare; And she alone will serue in my behoofe:

Then blinded boye, goe packe thee hence away, And thou Sweet Soule, give eare to what I fay.

And yet what shall I fay? straunge is my case, In mid'st of froast to burne, and freze in slame: Would Gods I neuer had beheld thy sace, Or els, that once I might possesse the same:

Or els that chaunce would make me free againe, Whofe hand helpt *Loue* to bring me to this paine.

¹ Vide Apul.

The chiefe contentes of this Passion are taken out of Scraphine Sonnet, 132.

Col tempo passa gli anni, i mesi, e l'hore, Col tempo le richeze, imperio, e regno, Col tempo fama, honor, fortezza, e ingegno, Col tempo giouentu con belta more etc.

But this Authour inverteth the order, which Seraphine vseth, some times for his rimes sake, but for the most part, vpon some other more allowable consideration.

Ime wasteth yeeres, and month's, and howr's:
Time doth confume same, honour, witt and strength:
Time kills the greenest Herbes and sweetest flowr's:
Time weares out youth and beauties lookes at length:
Time doth conuey to ground both soe and friend,
And each thing els but Loue, which hath no end.
Time maketh eu'ry tree to die and rott:
Time turneth ofte our pleasures into paine:
Time causeth warres and wronges to be forgott:
Time cleares the skie, which first hung sull of rayne:
Time makes an end of all humane desire,
But onely this, which settes my heart on fire.

But onely this, which fettes my heart on fire.

Time turneth into naught each Princely flate:

Time brings a fludd from newe refolued fnowe:

Time calmes the Sea where tempest was of late:

Time eates what ere the Moone can see belowe:

And yet no time prevailes in my behoue,

Nor any time can make me cease to loue.

This Passion concerneth the lowring of his Mistres and herein for the most part the Authour imitateth Agnola firenzuola; who you the like subject, writeth as followeth,

Ó belle donne, prendam pietade
Di me pur hor in talpa trafformato
D'huom, che pur diansa ardiua mirar fifo
Come Aquila il fol chiar in paradifo.
Cofi va'l mondo, e cofi fpeffo accade
A chi si fida inamoroso slato, etc.

Hat fcowling cloudes haue ouercast the skie,
That these mine eies can not, as woonte they
Beholde their second Sunne intentiuely? [were,
Some strange Eclipse is hap'ned as I feare,

Whereby my Sunne is either bard of light,

Or I my felfe haue lost my feeing quite. Most likely foe, fince *Loue* him felfe is blinde, And *Venus* too (perhaps) will haue it fo, That Louers wanting fight shall followe kinde. O then faire Dames bewaile my present woe,

Which thus am made a moale, and blindefolderunne

Where Ægle like I late beheld the Sunne.
But out alas, fuch guerdon is affignde

To all that love and followe *Cupids* carre: He tyres their limmes and doth bewitch their minde, And makes within them felues a lafting warre.

Reason with much adoe doth teach me this, Though yet I cannot mend what is a misse. The Au[t]hour in this Passion seemeth uppon mislike of his wearisome estate in loue to enter into a deepe discourse with him selfe touching the particular miseries which besall him that loueth. And for his sense in this place, hee is very like unto him selfe, where in a Theame diducted out of the bowelles of Antigone in Sophocles (which he lately translated into Latine, and published in print) he writeth in very like manner as solloweth.

Mali quando Cupidinis
Venas æstus edax occupat intimas,
Artes ingenium labitur in malas;
Iactatur variè, nec Cereris subit
Nec Bacchi udium; peruigiles trahit
Noctes; cura animum sollicita atterit, etc.

And it may appeare by the tenour of this Passion that the Authour prepareth him felfe to fall from Loue and all his lawes as will well appeare by the sequell of his other Passions that followe, which are all made your this Posse. My Loue is to M.

which are all made vpon this Posie, My Loue is past. Here heate of loue doth once poffesse the heart. There cares oppresse the minde with wondrous Wit runns awrye not fearing future fmarte, And fond desire doth ouermaster will: The belly neither cares for meate nor drinke, Nor ouerwatched eyes defire to winke: Footesteps are false, and wauring too and froe; ,, The brightfome flow'r of beauty fades away: ,, Reason retyres, and pleasure brings in woe: And wifedome yeldeth place to black decay: Counfell, and fame, and friendship are contem'nd: And bashfull shame, and Gods them selues condem'nd., Watchfull fuspect is linked with despaire: ,, Inconstant hope is often drown'd in feares: What folly hurtes not fortune can repayre; ,, And mifery doth fwimme in Seas of teares: 99 Long vse of life is but a lingring foe, And gentle death is only end of woe. "

AYLL fuch as are but of indifferent capacitie, and haue fome skill in Arithmetike, by viewing this Sonnet following compiled by rule and number, into the forme of a piller, may foone judge, howe much art and fludy the Author hath bestowed in the fame. Wherein as there are placed many preaty obferuations, fo these which I will set downe, may be marked for the principall, if any man haue fuch idle leafure to looke it ouer, as the Authour had, when he I framed it. First therfore it is to be noted, that the whole piller (except the basis or foote thereof) is by relation of either halfe to the other Antitheticall or 2 Antifillabicall. Secondly, how this posie (Amare est infanire) runneth twyse through out ye Columne, if ve gather but the first letter of euery whole verse orderly (excepting the two last) and then in like manner take but the last letter of every one of the said 3 verses, as they stand. Thirdly is to bee observed, that euery verse, but the two last, doth end with the same letter it beginneth, and yet through out the whole a true rime is perfectly observed, although not after our 4 accustomed manner. Fourthly, that the foote of the piller is Orchematicall, yat is to fay, founded by transilition or ouer skipping of number by rule and order, as from 1 to 3, 5, 7, and 9; the fecret vertue whereof may be learned in Trithemius, as namely by tables of transilition to decypher any thing that is written by fecret transposition of letters, bee it 5 neuer fo cunningly conveighed. And laftly, this observation is not to be neglected, that when all the forefaide particulars as performed, the whole piller is but iust 18 verses, as will appeare in the page following it, Per modum expansionis.

A Pafquine Piller erected in the despite of Loue.

Αt A 2 laft, though 3 late, farewell 4 olde well a da: A m 5 Mirth or mischance strike a 6 vp a newe alarM, And m 7 Cypria la nemica 8 miA Retire to Cyprus Ile. a. e 9 and ceafe thy waRR, Els must thou proue how r E 10 Reason can by charmE Enforce to flight thy e 8 11 blindfolde bratte and thee. So frames it with mee now, E 12 that I confess, The life I ledde in Loue devoyde 12 of reiT, It was a Hell, where none felte more than I, II Nor anye with lyke miferies forlorN. Since n 10 therefore now my woes are wexed lefS, And S 9 Reafon bidds mee leaue olde welladA, a n 8 No longer shall the worlde laugh mee i 7 to fcorN; I'le choose a path that n r 6 shall not leade awrie. Rest i 5 then with mee from your 4 blinde Cupids carR r e. 3 Each one of 2 you, that ferue. 1 3 and would be 5 freE. H'is dooble thrall e.

7 that liu's as Loue thinks best, whose

⁹ nande still Tyrant like to hurte is preste.

1 Huius Columnae Basis, pro sillabarum numero et linearum proportione est Orchematica.

Expansio Columnæ præcedentis.

A	At last, though late, farewell olde wellada;	A
m	Mirth for mischaunce strike vp a newe alarm;	m
a	And Ciprya la nemica mia	a
r	Retyre to Cyprus Ile and ceafe thy warr,	r
e	Els must thou proue how Reason can by charme	е
E	Enforce to flight thy blyndfold bratte and thee.	E
s	So frames it with me now, that I confess	s
t	The life I ledde in Loue deuoyd of reft	t
Ι	It was a Hell, where none felt more then I,	I
n	Nor any with like miferies forlorn.	n
S	Since therefore now my woes are wexed leff,	s
a	And Reason bids me leaue olde wellada,	a
n	No longer shall the world laugh me to scorn:	n
i	I'le choofe a path that fhall not leade awri.	i
r	Rest then with me from your blinde Cupids carr	r
e	Each one of you, that ferue and would be free.	e
,,	¹ H'is double thrall that liu's as Loue thinks be	eſŧ
,,	Whose hand still Tyrant like to hurt is prest,	

¹ Τόν τοι τύραννον εὐσεβεῖν, οὐ ῥάδιον. Sophoc. in Aia. flagell.

In this Sonnet the Author hath imitated one of Ronfardes * Odes; which beginneth thus

Les Muses lierent vn iour
De chaisnes de roses Amour,
Et pour le garder, le donnerent
Aus Graces et à la Beautè:
Qui voyans sa desluyautè,
Sus Parnase l'emprisonnerent. etc.

* Au liure de ses meslanges.

THe *Mufes* not long fince intrapping *Loue* In chaines of roafes linked all araye,

Gaue *Beawtie* charge to watch in theire behoue With *Graces* three, left he should wend awaye:

Who fearing yet he would escape at last, On high *Parnaffus* toppe they clapt him fast.

When *Venus* vnderstoode her Sonne was thrall, She made posthaste to haue God *Vulcans* ayde, Solde him her *Gemmes*, and *Ceston* therewithall,¹ To ransome home her Sonne that was betraide;

But all in vaine, the *Mufes* made no floare Of gold, but bound him fafter then before.

Therefore all you, whom *Loue* did ere abuse, Come clappe your handes with me, to see him thrall,

Whose former deedes no reason can excuse, For killing those, which hurt him not at all:

> My felfe by him was lately led awrye, Though now at last I force my loue to dye.

1 Vt Martis reuocetur amor, summique Tonantis, A te Iuno petat Ceston, et ipsa Venus. Martialis.

The Authour in this Sonnet expresseth his mallice towardes Venus and her Sonne Cupid, by currying fauour with Diana, and by suing to have the selfe same office in her walkes and sorrest, which sometimes her chast and best beloued Hippolitus enioyed. Which Hippolitus (as Seruius witnesseth) dyed by the salse deceipt of his Stepmother Phadra, sor not yeelding ouer himselfe vnto her incestuous loue: whereuppon Seneca writeth thus,

Iuuenisque castus crimine incesta iacet, Pudicus, insons.

Iana, fince Hippolytus is deade,

Let me enioy thy fauour, and his place: [fleade,
My might through will shall stand thee in some
To driue blinde Loue and Venus from thy chase:
For where they lately wrought me mickle woe,
I vow me nowe to be theire mortall soe.

And doe thou not mistrust my chastetie, When I shall raunge amidst thy virgine traine: My raynes are chastned so through miserie, That *Loue* with me can nere preuaile againe:

,, The childe, whose finger once hath felt the fire,

"To playe therewith will haue but fmale defire. Befides, I vow to beare a watchful eye, Difcouring fuch, as paffe along thy groue; If *Iuppiter* him felfe come loytring by, Ile call thy crew; and bid them fly from *Ioue*; For if they flay, he will obtaine at laft, What now I loathe, because my loue is past.

The chiefest substance of this Sonnet is borrowed out of certeine Latin verses of Strozza a noble man of Haly, and one of the best Poëts in all his age: who in describing Metaphorically to his friend Antonius the true forme of his amorous estate, writeth thus:

Unda hic funt Lachrima, Venti fupiriæ, Remi Vota, Error velum, Mens malefana Ratis; Spes Temo, Curæ Comites, Confiantia Amoris Eft malus, Dolor eft Anchora, Nauita Amor, etc.

He fouldiar worne with warres, delightes in peace; The pilgrime in his eafe, when toyles are past; The ship to gayne the porte, when stormes doe cease; And I reioyce, from Loue discharg'd at last; Whome while I feru'd, peace, rest, and land I lost, With grieufome wars, with toyles, with florms betoft. Sweete liberty nowe gives me leave to fing. What worlde it was, where Loue the rule did beare; Howe foolish Chaunce by lottes rul'd euery thing; Howe Error was maine faile, each wave a Teare; The master, Loue him felse; deep sighes were winde; ,, Cares rowd with vowes the ship vnmery minde. ,, False hope as healme oft turn'd the boat about; 99 Inconstant faith stood up for middle maste Despaire the cable twisted all with Doubt Held Griping Griefe the pyked Anchor fast; Beautie was all the rockes. But I at last, Am now twife free, and all my loue is past.

The fense of this Sonnet is for the most part taken out of a letter, which *Æneas Syluius* wrote vnto his friend, to persuade him, that albeit he lately had published the wanton loue of *Lucretia* and *Euryalus*, yet hee liked nothing lesse then such fond Loue; and that he nowe repented him of his owne labour ouer idlely bestowed in describing the same.

Weete liberty restores my woonted ioy,

And bids me tell, how painters set to viewe

The forme of Loue. They painte him but a Boy,

As working most in mindes of youthfull crewe:

They set him naked all, as wanting shame

To keepe his fecret partes or t'hide the fame. They paint him blinde in that he cannot fpy What diffrence is twixt vertue and default. With *Boe in hand*, as one that doth defie, And cumber heedeleffe heartes with fierce affault:

His other hand doth hold a brand of fire,

In figne of heate he makes through hot defire. They give him winges to flie from place to place, To note that all are wau'ring like the winde, Whose liberty fond Love doth once deface. This forme to Love old paynters have affignd:

Whose fond effects if any list to proue, Where I make end, let them begin to Love.

The Authour in the firste staffe of this Sonnet, expresseth how Loue first went beyond him, by persuading him that all was golde which glistered. In the second, hee telleth, how time broughte hym to trueth, and Trueth to Reason: by whose good counsell he found the way from worse to better, and did ouergoe the malice of blinde Fortune. In the third staffe, he craueth pardon at euery man for the offences of his youth; and to Loue, the onely cause of his long errour, hee geueth his viltimum vale.

Outh made a fault through lightnes of Beleefe, Which fond Beleefe Love placed in my breft: But now I finde, that Reason gives reliefe; [best: And time shewes Trueth, and Wit, thats bought, is Muse not therefore although I chaunge my vaine, .. He runnes too farre which neuer turnes againe. Henceforth my mind thall have a watchfull eye, Ile fcorne Fond Loue, and practife of the fame: The wifedome of my hart shall soone descrie Each thing thats good, from what deferueth blame: My fong shalbe; Fortune hath spitte her spight, And Loue can hurt no more withall his might. Therefore all you, to whome my courfe is knowne. Thinke better comes, and pardon what is past: I finde that all my wildest Oates are sowne, And Iov to fee, what now I fee at last; And fince that *Loue* was cause I trode a wry,

I heere take off his Bels, and let him flie.

This whole Sonnet is nothing els but a briefe and pithy morall, and made after the felfe fame vaine with that, which is laft before it. The two first staffes, (excepting onely the two first verses of all) expresse the Authours alteration of minde and life, and his change from his late vaine estate and sollies in loue, by a metaphore of the shipman, which by shipwrakes chaunce is happely restoared on a sodeine vnto that land, which he a long time had most wished for.

Long maintayned warre gainst Reasons rule,

I wandred pilgrime like in Errors maze,

I fat in Follies ship, and playde the soole,

Till on Repentance rocke hir sides did craze:

Herewith I learne by hurtes alreadie past,

That each extreme will change it selfe at last.

This shipwrackes chance hath set me on a shelfe, Where neither Loue can hurte me any more, Nor Fortunes hand, though she enforce her selfe; Discretion graunts to set me sase on shoare,

Where guile is fettred fast and wisedome rules,
To punish heedeles hearts and wisfull fooles,
And fince the heau'ns haue better lot assign'd,
I feare to burne, as having felte the fire;
And proofe of harmes fo changed hath my minde,
That witt and will to Reason doe retyre:

Not *Venus* nowe, nor *Loue* with all his fnares Can drawe my witts to woes at vnawares.

The two first staffes of this Sonnet are altogether fententiall, and euerie one verse of them is grownded vpon a diuerse reason and authoritie from the rest. I have thought good for breuitie sake, onelie to fet downe here the authorities, with figures, whereby to applie euerie one of them to his due lyne in order as they stand. I. Hieronimus: In delicijs difficile est servare castitatem. 2. Aufonius: dispulit inconsultus amor etc. 3. Seneca: Amor est ociosæ causa sollicitudinis. 4. Propertius: Errat, qui finem vesani quærit amoris. 5. Horatius: Semper ardentes acuens fagittas. 6 Xenophon scribit amorem effe igne, et flamma flagrantiorem, quòd ignis vrat tangentes, et proxima tantum cremet, amor ex longinguo spectante torreat. 7. Calenti: Plurima Zelotipo funt in amore mala. 8 Quidius: Inferet arma tibi faua rebellis amor. 9. Pontanus: Si vacuum fineret perfidiofus amor. 10. Marullus: Quid tantum lachrimis meis pro-terue Infultas puer? 11. Tibullus: At lasciuis amor rixæ mala verba ministrat. 12. Virgilius: Bellum sæpe petit serus exitiale Cupido.

Oue hath delight in fweete delicious fare;
Loue neuer takes good Counfell for his frende; 1 2 Loue author is, and cause of ydle care; Loue is diffraught of witte, and hath no end; " Loue shoteth shaftes of burning hote defire; 5 Loue burneth more then eyther flame or fire; " Loue doth much harme through Tealofies affault; "Loue once embrast will hardly part againe; 8 "Loue thinkes in breach of faith there is no fault; 9 ,, Loue makes a fporte of others deadly paine; 10 Loue is a wanton Childe, and loues to brall. 11 Loue with his warre bringes many foules to thrall. These are the smallest faultes that lurke in Loue, These are the hurtes which I have cause to curse, These are those truethes which no man can disproue, These are such harmes as none can suffer worse. All this I write, that others may beware,

Though now my felfe twife free from all fuch care.

11 Tibull.

12 Virgil. de Vino et Venere.

1 Hierom.

4 Propert.

7 Calent.

2 Auson.

8 Ouid.

5 Horat.

3 Seneca.

6 Xenoph.

In this Latine passion, the Authour translateth, as it were, paraphrastically the Sonnet of *Petrarch*, which beginneth thus.

Tennemi Amor anni vent' vno ardendo, Sonnet. 313. Lieto nel foco, e nel duol pien di speme, etc.

But to make it ferue his owne turne, he varieth from *Petrarches* wordes, where he declareth, howe manie yeares he liued in loue, as well before, as fince the death of his beloued *Lawra*. Vnder which name alfo the Authour, in this Sonnet, fpecifieth her, whom he lately loued.

E sibi ter binos annos vnumque subegit

Diuus Amor; lætufque fui, licet ignibus arsi;

Spemque habui certam, curis licèt iclus acerbis.

Iamque duos alios exutus amore perêgi,

Ac si fydereos mea Laura volârit in orbes,

Duxerit et fecum veteris penetralia cordis.

Pertæfum tandem vitæ me pænitet actæ,

Et pudet erroris pene abfumpfiffe fub vmbra.

Semina virtutum. Sed quæ pars vltima restat,

Supplice mente tibi tandem, Deus alte, repono,

Et malè tranfactæ deploro tempora vitæ,

Cuius agendus erat meliori tramite curfus,

Litis in arcendæ sludijs, et pace colendæ.

Ergò fumme Deus, per quem fum claufus in isto Carcere, ab æterno salvum sac esse periclo.

X C I. 127

In the latter part of this Sonnet the Authour imitateth those verses of *Horace*.

Me tabula facer Votiua paries indicat vuida Sufpendisse potenti Vestimenta maris Deo.

Ad Pyrrham ode. 5.

Whom also that renowned Florentine M. Agnolo Firenzuola did imitate long agoe, both in like manner and matter, as followeth.

O miferi coloro,
Che non prouar di donna fdee mai:
Il pericol, ch'io corfi
Nel tempestoso mar, nella procella
Del lor crudel Amore
Mostrar lo può la tauoletta posta
E le vesti ancor molli
Sospese al tempio del horrendo Dio
Di questo mar crudele.

E captiue foules of blindefold *Cyprians* boate Marke with aduife in what estate yee stande, Your *Boteman* neuer whistles mearie noate, And *Folly* keeping sterne, still puttes from lande,

And makes a fport to toffe you to and froe Twixt fighing windes, and furging waves of wee.

On *Beawties* rocke fhe runnes you at her will, **And** holdes you in fuspense twixt *hope* and *feare*, Where dying oft, yet are you living still, But such a life, as death much better were;

Be therefore circumfpect, and follow me,

When Chaunce, or chaunge of maners fets you free. Beware how you returne to feas againe: Hang vp your votiue tables in the quyre Of Cupids Church, in witnesse of the paine You suffer now by forced fond desire:

Then, hang your throughwett garmentes on the wall, And fing with me, That Loue is mixt with gall.

Here the Author by comparing the tyrannous delightes and deedes of blinde Cupid with the honeft delightes and deedes of other his fellow Goddesse and Gods, doth blesse the time and howre that euer he forsooke to follow him; whom he consessed to have bene greate and forcible in his doings, though but litle of stature, and in apparence weakelie. Of all the names here mentioned, Hebe is seldomest redde, wherfore know they which know it not alreadie, that Hebe (as Seruius writeth) is Iunoes daughter, having no father, and now wise to Hercules, and Goddessed of youth, and youthlie sporting, and was cupbearer to Ioue, till she fell in the presence of all the Goddes, so vnhappelie, that they sawe her privities, whereupon Ioue being angry, substituted Ganimedes into her office and place.

Hebus delightes to view his Lawrel Tree;
The Popplar pleafeth Hercules alone;
Melisla mother is, and fautrix to the Bee,
Pallas will weare the Oliue branche or none;
Of shepheardes and theire flocke Pales is Quene;
And Ceres rypes the corne, was lately greene;
To Chloris eu'ry flower belonges of right;
The Dryade Nimphs of woodes make chiefe accoumpt;
Oreades in hills haue theire delight;
Diana doth protect each bubblinge Fount;
To Hebe louely kissing is asign'd;
To Zephire eu'ry gentle breathing winde.

But what is *Loues* delight? to hurt each where;
,, He cares not whome, with dartes of deepe defire;

With watchfull icalofie, with hope, with feare,

With nipping cold, and fecrete flames of fire.
O happye howre wherein I did forgoe
This litle God, fo greate a caufe of woe.

In the first and fixt line of this Passion the Authour alludeth to two sentencious verses in Sophocles; whereof the first is, ὅ μῶρε, θυμὸς δ' ἐν κακοῖς οὐ ζύμφορον,¹
Ο foole, in euills fretting nought auailes.

The fecond

φανθέν τις αν δύναιτ' αγέννητον ποιειν.²
For who can make undon what once is done?

In the other two staffes following, the Authour pursueth on his matter, beginning and ending euery line with the selfe same sillable he vsed in the first: wherein hee imitateth some Italian Poets, who more to trie their witts, [t]hen for any other conceite, haue written after the like manner.

Y Y W

Y loue is past, woe woorth the day and how'r When to such folly first I did encline,

Whereof the very thought is bitter fow'r,

And still would hurte, were not my soule diuine,

Or did not Reason teach, that care is vaine

For ill once past, which cannot turne againe.

My Loue is past, blessed the day and how'r.
When from so fond estate I did decline,
Wherein was little sweet with mickle fow'r,
And losse of minde, whose substance is divine,
Or at the lest, expence of time in vaine,

For which expense no Loue returneth gaine.

My Loue is past, wherein was no good how'r:

When others ioy'd, to cares I did encline,

Whereon I fedde, although the taste were fow'r, And still beleu'd Loue was some pow'r diuine,

Or fome inflinct, which could not worke in vaine, Forgetting, Time well fpent was double gaine.

¹ In Oedipo-Colonæ.

² In Trachiniis.

In this Passion the Authour hath but augmented the muention of Seraphine, where he write[t]h in this manner.

Biastemo quando mai le labbra apersi
Per dar nome à costei, che acciò me induce.
Biastemo il tempo, e quanti giorni hò persi
A seguitar si tenebrosa luce:
Biastemo charta, inchiostro, e versi,
Et quanto Amor per me fama gliaduce;
Biastemo quando mai la vidi anchora,
El mese, l'anno, e giorno, el punto, e lhora,

Curse the time, wherein these lips of mine [kinde: Did praye or praise the Dame that was vn-I curfe both leafe, and ynke, and euery line My hand hath writ, in hope to moue her minde: I curse her hollowe heart and flattring eyes, Whoseslie deceyte did cause my mourning cryes: I curfe the fugred speach and Syrens song, Wherewith fo oft she hath bewitcht mine eare: I curfe my foolish will, that stay'd so long, And tooke delight to bide twixte hoape and feare: I curse the howre, wherein I first began By louing lookes to proue a witleffe man: I curse those dayes which I have spent in vaine, By feruing fuch an one as reakes no right: I curfe each cause of all my secret paine, Though Loue to heare the same have small delight: And fince the heau'ns my freedome now restore, Hence foorth Ile liue at eafe, and loue no more.

A Labyrinth is a place made full of turnings and creekes, where hence, he that is once gotten in, can hardly get out againe. Of this forte 'Pliny mentioneth foure in the world, which were moft noble. One in Crete made by Dædalus, at the commaundement of king Minos, to flut vp the Minotaure in: to which monster the Athenieus by league were bound, euery yeere to fend feuen of their children, to bee deuoured; which was perfourmed, till at the last, by the helpe of Ariadne, Thefeus slewe the monster. An other he mentioneth to have beene in Ægipt, which also Pomponius Mela describeth in his first booke. The third in Lennos, wherein were erected a hundreth and fifty pillers of singuler workmanship. The fourth in Italy, builded by Porsenna king of Hetruria, to serve for his sepulchre. But in this Passion the Authour alludeth vnto that of Crete only.

Hough fomewhat late, at last I found the way

To leave the doubtfull Labyrinth of Love, Wherein (alas) each minute feemd a day: Him felfe was *Minotaure*; whose force to proue I was enforst, till Reason taught my mind To flay the beaft, and leave him there behind. But being scaped thus from out his maze, And past the dang'rous Denne so full of doubt, Falfe Thefeus like, my credite shall I craze, Forfaking her, whose hand did helpe me out? With Ariadne Reason shall not fay, I fau'd his life, and yet he runnes away. No, no, before I leave the golden rule, Or lawes of her, that stoode so much my friend, Or once againe will play the louing foole, The fky shall fall, and all shall have an end: I wish as much to you that louers be, Whose paines will passe, if you beware by me.

In this Passion, the Authour in skoffing bitterly at *Venus*, and her fonne *Cupid*, alludeth vnto certaine verses in *Ouid*, but inverteth them to an other sense, then *Ouid* vsed, who wrote them vpon the death of *Tibullus*. These are the verses, which he imitateth,

Ecce puer Veneris fert euerfamque pharetram,
Et fractos arcus, et sine luce facem. Elegiar, lib. 1]x].
A[d] spice demissis vt eat miserabilis alis,
Pectoraque infesta tondat aperta manu. etc.
Nec minus est consusa venus. etc.
Ouàm inuenis rupit cum serus inquen aper.

Hat ayles poore *Venus* nowe to fit alone
In funerall attyre, her woonted hew [to moan:
Quite chang'd, her fmile to teares, her myrth
As though *Adonis* woundes now bled anew,
Or fhe with young *Iulus* late return'd

From feeing her *Æneas* carkas burn'd.

Alack for woe, what ayles her little Boy,
To haue his tender cheekes befprent with teares,
And fit and fighe, where he was wonte to toy?
How happes, no longer he his quiuer weares,
But breakes his Boe, throwing the fhiuers by,

But breakes his Boe, throwing the shiuers by,
And pluckes his winges, and lettes his fyrebrand dye?
No, Dame and Darling too, yee come to late,
To winne me now, as you have done tofore:

I liue fecure, and quiet in estate,

Fully refolu'd from louing any more:

Goe pack for shame from hence to Cyprus Ile,

And there goe play your prankes an other while.

The Authour in this passion alludeth to the fable of *Phineus* which is sette down at large in the *Argonauticks* of *Apollonius*, and *Valerius Flaccus*. He compareth him selfe vnto *Phineus*; his Mistres vnto the *Harpyes*; and his thoughtes vnto *Zethes*, and his desires vnto *Calais*, the two twinnes of *Boreas*; and the voyce of *Ne plus vitra* spoaken from Heauen to *Calais* and *Zethes*, vnto the *Diuine grace*, which willed him to follow no further the miseries of a Louers estate, but to prosesse vnsiedle, that his Loue is past. And, last of all, the Author concludeth against the sower sawce of *Loue* with the French prouerbe: *Pour vn plaisir mille douleurs*.

He Harpye birdes, that did in fuch despight Greiue and annoy old Phinëus fo fore, Where chaf'd away by Calais in flight And by his brother Zeth for euermore; Who follow'd them, vntill they hard on hye A voyce, that faid, Ye Twinnes No further fly. Phineus I am, that fo tormented was; My Laura here I may an Harpye name; My thoughtes and lustes bee Sonnes to Borëas, Which neuer cea'st in following my Dame, Till heau'nly Grace faid vnto me at last, Leaue fond Delightes, and fay thy loue is past. My loue is past I fay, and fing full glad; My time, alas, mispent in Loue I rewe, Wherein few ioyes, or none at all I had, But stoare of woes: I found the prouerbe true, For eu'ry pleasure that in Loue is found, A thousand woes and more therein abound.

The Author in this passion, telling what Loue is, easeth his heart, as it were, by rayling out right, where he can worke no other manner of reuenge. The invention hereof, for the most part of the particulars conteyned, is taken out of certeine Latine verses, which this Authour composed vpon Quid Amor. Which because they may well importe a passion of the writer, and aptly besitte the present title of his overpassed Loue, he setteth them downe in this next page following, but not as accomptable for one of the hundreth passions of this booke.

Arke wanton youthes, whome *Beawtie* maketh blinde,

And learne of me, what kinde a thing is Loue;
Loue is a Braineficke Boy, and fierce by kinde;
A Willfull Thought, which Reason can not moue;
A Flattring Sycophant; a Murd'ring Thiefe;

A Poyfned choaking Bayte; a Tyfing Griefe;

A Tyrant in his Lawes; in fpeach vntrue;

A Blindfold Guide; a Feather in the winde;

A right 1 Chameleon for change of hewe;

A Lamelimme Lust; a Tempest of the minde;

A Breach of Chastitie; all vertues Foe;

A Private warre; a Toilfome webbe of woe;

A Fearefull Iealosie; a Vaine Desire;

A Labryrinth; a Pleasing Miserie;

A Shipwracke of mans life; a Smoakleffe fire;

A Sea of teares; a lasting Lunacie;

A Heavie fervitude; a Dropfie Thurst;

A Hellish Gaile, whose captives are accurit.

¹ Vide Plin natura Hist. lib. 28, cap. 8.

Quid Amor?

Vid sit amor, qualisque, cupis me scire magistro? Est Veneris proles: cælo metuendus, et Orco; Et leuior ventis; et fulminis ocyor alis; Peruigil excubitor; fallax comes; inuidus hospes; Armatus puer; infanus iuuenis; nouitatis Quesitor, belli fautor; virtuti inimicus; Splendidus ore, nocens promisso; lege tyrannus; Dux cæcus; gurges viciorum; noctus alumnus: Fur clandestinus; mors viuida; mortua vita; Dulcis inexpertis, expertis durus; Eremus Stultitiæ; facula ignefcens; vefana libido; Zelotypum frigus; mala mens; corrupta voluntas; Pluma leuis; morbus iecoris; dementia prudens; Infamis leno; Bacchi, Cererifque minister; Prodiga libertas animæ; pruritus inanis; Prauorum carcer; corrupti fanguinis ardor; Irrationalis motus; fycophanta bilinguis; Struma pudicitiæ; fumi expers flamma; patronus Periuræ linguæ; prostrato fæuus; amicus Immeritis; animi tempestas; luxuriosus Præceptor, sine fine malum; sine pace duellum; Naufragium humanæ vitæ; læthale venenum; Flebile cordolium; graue calcar; acuta fagitta; Sontica pernicies, nodofæ caufa podágræ; Natus ad infidias vulpes: pontus lachrymarum; Virgineæ Zonæ ruptura; dolofa voluptas; Multicolor ferpens; vrens affectus; inermis Bellator; fenijque caput, feniumque iuuentæ? Ante diem funus; portantis vipera; mæstus Pollinctor; fyren fallax; mors prævia morti; Infector nemorum; erroris Labyrinthus; amara Dulcedo; inuentor falsi; via perditionis; Formarum egregius spectator; pæna perennis; Sufpirans ventus; fingultu plena querela; Triste magisterium; multæ iactura diei; Martyrum innocui; temerarius aduena; pondus Sifyphium; radix curarum; defiais efca; Febris anhela; fitis morofa; hidropicus ardor; Vis vno dicam verbo? incarnata Gehenna est.

136 X C I X.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

This passion is an imitation of the first Sonnet in Seraphine, and grownded vpon that which Aristotle writeth of the Ægle, for the proofe she maketh of her birdes, by setting them to behold the Sonne. After whom Pliny hath written, as followeth: Aquila implumes etiamnum pullos suos percutiens, Subinde cogit aduersos intueri Solis radios: et si conniuentum humectantemque animaduertit, præcipitat e nido, velut adulterinum atque degenerem: illum, cuius acies sirma contra steterit, educat.

He haughtie Ægle Birde, of Birdes the best,

Before the feathers of her younglinges growe.

She liftes them one by one from out theire nest,

To vewe the Sunne, thereby her owne to knowe;

Those that behold it not with open eye,

She lettes them fall, not able yet to flye.

Such was my case, when Loue possess my mind;

Each thought of mine, which could not bide the light Of her my Sunne, whose beames had made me blinde,

I made my Will suppresse it with Despisht:

But fuch a thought, as could abide her beft, I harbred still within my carefull brest. But those fond dayes are past, and halfe forgotte;

I practife now the quite cleane contrary:
What thoughtes can like of her, I like them not,

But choake them streight, for feare of ieopardy;
For though that *Loue* to fome do feeme a *Toy*,

I knowe by proofe, that Loue is long annoy.

¹ Lib. 9. Hist. animal.

² Nat Hist lib. 10 cap. 1.

The Avihour faineth here, that Loue, effaying with his brand, to fire the heart of fome fuch Lady, on whome it would not worke, immediately, to trie whether the old vertue of it were extinguished or no, applied it vnto his owne brest, and thereby foolishlie consumed him selfe. This invention hath some relation vnto the Epitaph of Loue, written by M. Girolimo Parabosco;

In cenere giace qui sepolto Amore, Colpa di quella, che morir mi face, etc.

Efolu'd to dust intomb'd heere lieth Loue, Through faulte of her, who heere her felfe should lye; He strooke her brest, but all in vaine did proue To fire the yfe: and doubting by and by His brand had loft his force, he gan to trye Vpon him felfe; which tryall made him dye. In footh no force; let those lament who lust, Ile fing a carroll fong for obfequy; For, towardes me his dealings were vniuft, And cause of all my passed misery: The Fates, I thinke, feeing what I had past, In my behalfe wrought this reuenge at last. But fomewhat more to pacyfie my minde, By illing him, through whome I liu'd a flaue, Ile cast his ashes to the open winde, Or write this *Epitaph* vppon his graue; Here lyeth Loue, of Mars the bastard Sonne, VVhofe foolish fault to death him felfe hath donne.

This is an Epilogue to the whole worke, and more like a praier then a Paffion: and is faithfully translated out of *Petrarch*, *Sonnet.* 314, 2. parte, where he beginneth,

I vò piangendo i miei paſsati tempi I quai poſi in amar coſa mortale, Senza leuarmi à volo, hauenà'io l'ale Per dar forſe di me non baſsi eſsempi. etc.

Ygeo iam querulus vitæ tot lustra peracta,
Quæ malè consumpsi, mortalia vana secutur,
Cùm tamen alatus potui volitasse per altum,
Exemplarque suisse alijs, nec inutile sorsan.

Tu mea qui peccata vides, culpasque nefandas,

Cæli fumme parens, magnum, et venerabile numen,

Collapfæ fuccurre animæ; mentifque caducæ

Candida defectum tua gratia fuppleat omnem.

Ut, qui fustinui bellum, durasque procellas, In pace, et portu moriar; minimeque probanda Si mea vita fuit, tamen vt claudatur honestè.

Tantillo vitæ spacio, quod fortè supersit, Funeribusque, meis præsentim porrige dextram; Ipse vides, in te quàm spes mea tota reposta est.

FINIS.

The Labour is light, where Loue is the Paiemistres.



THOMAS WATSON.

II. Meliboeus.

A LATIN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF

SIR FRANCIS WALSINGHAM.

1590.

III. An Eglogue, etc.

BEING A TRANSLATION OF THE SAME INTO ENGLISH.

1590.

. THE TWO WORKS HAVE BEEN PLACED UPON OPPOSITE PAGES; AND, AS FAR AS MAY BE, WITH LINE CORRESPONDING TO LINE.

MELIBOEVS

THOMÆ WATSONI

Siuè,

ECLOGA JN OBJTVM HONORATISSIMI VIRI,

Domini Francisci Walsinghami, Equitis aurati, Diuæ ELIZABETHÆ a secretis, et sanctioribus constilijs.



LONDINI,

Excudebat Robertus Robinfonus

M. D. Lxxxx.



AN EGLOGVE

Vpon the death of the

Right Honorable Sir Francis Walfingham,
Late principall Secretarie to Her Maiestie,
and of her moste Honourable Privie
Councell.

Written first in latine by Thomas Watson, Gentleman, and now by himselfe translated into English.

Musis mendicantibus insultat A'μουσία.



AT LONDON,
Printed by Robert Robinson. 1590.



GENEROSISSIMO VIRO

Thomæ VValsinghamo Armigero

laudatissimo virtutis & litterarum afsertori Tho. VVatsonus

S. D.



D rifum faciles foleo cantare Napæas, Et fpumagenitæ furta iocofa Deæ, Et lætas gelida Charites Nymphafque fub vmbra,

Et mistos ioculis, illecebrifque fales: Sed noua iam rerum facies ad feria fuadet, Et fonat illepida nostra Thalia fide.

Fnuitos necto numeros, gemituque refoluor

In tristes Elegos, funereumque melos.

Nec folus fundo lacrymas: gemit Anglia tota,

Et luget laceris vndiquè sparfa comis. Magnus enim (proh fata) diem Franciscus obiuit,

Arcadiæ nostræ qui Melibæus erat:

Et mihi fubtristes qui (te mediante) procellas

Depulit, hyberno vela ferente Noto.

Officio iubeor miserandos ædere questus,

Et lacrymis lacrymas accumulare tuis.

Tu clemens dignare pias audire querelas:

Dumque ego fum Corydon, Tityrus efse voli.

Ereptum nobis Melibæum flebimus ambo:

Flebimus, vt raptum fleuit amicus Hylam.

Dignitatis tuæ studiosus Thomas Watsonus.





To the most vertuous Lady, Lady Francis Sydney, all honour and happinesse.

Adam, vnder the Patronage of M. Thomas walfingham I published a Latine Funerall poëme, where with a pastoral Muse I vndertake (in love and duetie) to commend the vertuous life, and bewaile the vntimely death of our great Melibœus the right honorable Sir Francis Walfingham, your late deceased Father, a found piller of

our common wealth, and chiefe patron of vertue, learning, and chiualrie. In which poeme albeit I neuer attaine the heigth of his worthineffe, yet manie (rather affecting his praife, then my verfe) have requested and perfwaded me to publish Melibœus in English, for the more generall vnderstanding thereof: that as his life was to all men both pleasing and prositable, so his death might be honored with a publike forrow: and that the whole body of this realme, in lamenting the losse of so vigilant a governor, might learne therby, (as by a iust necessitie) the more to love, honor, and obey those few, that yet furvive, resembling him in high estate, and vertuous condition. Such as the translation is, I humblie offer it to your Ladiships protection, hoping it will be as favorablie redd and accepted, as it is affectionatly written and presented.

Your Ladiships in all duetie

Thomas Watson.



To the courteous Reader.

Entlemen, if you suppose me vaine, for translating myne owne poeme: or negligent, for not doing it exactly to the latin originall, I thus defire to fatisfie you. It is pardonable for a man to be bold with his owne: And I interpret myself, lest Melibæus in speaking English by an other mans labour,

should leefe my name in his chaunge, as my Amyntas did. A third fault (haply) will bee found, that my pastorall discourse to the vnlearned may seeme obscure: which to preuent, I have thought good, here to advertise you, that I figure Englande in Arcadia; Her Maiestie in Diana; Sir Francis Walsingham in Melibæus, and his Ladie in Dryas; Sir Phillippe Sidney in Astrophill, and his Ladie in Hyale, Master Thomas Walsingham in Tyterus, and my selse in Corydon.

Desirous to please you

Tho. VVatfon.





ECLOGA

INOBITVM

HONORATISSIMI VIRI,

Domini Francisci Walsinghami, Equitis aurati, Diuæ Elizabethæ a se-cretis, et fanctioribus consilijs.

Corydon.

Tityrus.



Ityre, iam quoniam prati per amæna
vireta
Sparguntur pecudes, et nos confedimus ambo,
Huius (fi quid amas) effare fub
arboris vmbra,
Quæ noua follicitos apportent fata
dolores:

Cur tua cum molli Zephyro fuspiria pugnant, Atque serenato minitantur prælia cælo, Qui tenuem placida Musam meditatus auena, Demulcere soles ventos in bella paratos? Squalida quid sibj vult curarum conscia vestis? Peclore cur singultus inest? cur lumine sletus? Qu'id sedet in vultu macies? qu'id in ore querela? Dic age; mærorem sit sas lenire monendo, Aut saltèm lacrymis nostros connectere planctus: Non leuis est, luctus socios habuisse, voluptas.



AN EGLOGVE

Vpon the death of the

Right Honorable Sir Francis Walfingham

late principall Secretarie to her Maiestie, and of her most Honourable *Privie Councell*.

Corpdon.

Tityrus.



Owe *Tityrus*, fince wee at eafe are lade, And both our flockes orefpred the flowrie plaine:

Sweete friend vnfolde vnder this platan shade

The fecrete cause of thy concealed paine,

How haps thy fighing threats the cleered skie,

with gentle *Zephyr* waging often warres, Whose Muse of yoare with hunnie melodie,

did calme fierce winds, and cease their boistrous iarres?

What means this moorning weed? thy weeping eine? thy pale aspect? thy murmuring complaints?

O fpeake, that I may joine my teares with thine, and eafe thy burdened heart before it faints.

Tityrus.

O Corydon, Corydon, noli perquirere caufas
Altiùs, et dirum fando renouare dolorem:
Triste recrudescet blando tantamine vulnus,
Nullaque lugentem comitum lamenta inuabunt:
Immedicabilibus morbis adhibere medelam
Desine: solus ego per syluas luce carentes,
Solus ego miseræ slens infortunia vitæ,
Vt viduus turtur, putri de vimine questus
Cælorum contra crudelia sydera fundam.

Corydon.

Te per ego trinas Charites, hilaresque Napæas, Quæ totiés choreas istos duxêre per agros: Per pictum Floræ strophium, Cererisque coronam: Per Satyros, Panes, Fauni venerabile numen: Per vitreas Thamesis lymphas: per lustra Dianæ, Seu mauis, ipfum per facræ nomen Elisæ: Deniquè per storem mutati nuper Amyntæ, Sanguineum storem, synceri pignus amoris, Obtestor, cæcum nè celes pectore vulnus. Pande, precor, tanti quæ sit tibi causa doloris. Qui tecum risu sub verno sole fruebar, Nubila nùnc hyemis plorabo tempora tecum: Vna duobus erit sors, et mens vna duobus.

Tityrus.

Inuitum taciti mæroris prodere fontes
Supplicibus votis, et amico fædere cogis.
Accipe, quod fari gemitus permittet acerbus:
Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.
Ergò, fi quid habes Corydon (quià te quoque vatem
Dicimus Arcadici) numerofos incipe luctus:
Anxia namquè mihi fistunt fuspiria linguam.

Tityrus.

O Corydon forbeare by deepe inquire to rip the skarred wounds of my vnrest:

No teares, no counsell can abate the fire, which louing forrow kindles in my brest.

I all alone in darkesom vnkoth place,
I all alone must like the Turtle Doue,
Whose ioy is slaine, bewaile my wretched case, and powre out plaints agenst the gods aboue,

Corydon.

By fyluane nymphs, and louely Graces three, that on our lawnes doe fport them to and fro; By countrie powres of what fo ere degree; by Floraes chaplet; by Dianaes boe, By fruitfull Pales, Ceres wheaten crowne, by filuer Thamesis old Oceans dame; By chang'd Amintas flow'r, that decks the downe; and lastlie by Elisaes vertuous name, By these, and those that guide cælestial spheares, I here coniure thee to discloasethy griefe, That I maie slake thy sighing with my teares, whose comforts oft haue bred my harts relief.

Tityrus.

Then thus (though loath) as griefe will fuffer me, my faltring tongue thall tell my discontent:

That cares by sympathie maie worke on thee, and thou vpholde some part of my lament.

Alas too some by Destins fatall knife
Sweet Melibœus is deprin'd of life.

Now Corydon (for eurie shepheard swaine reports thee skilfull in a facred verse)

In such a meeter helpe me to complaine, as maie best great Melibæus hearse.

Corydon.

Incipio: mecum Diuæ lugete Camænæ, Et tu laurigeri collis regnator Apollo. Pegafeas ripas lacrymarum flumen inundet: Munere Musarum pennis induta nigellis Euolitent late totum lamenta per orbem. Nos etiàm, quamuis luna sellisque priores Arcades, astricolis et gens chariffima Diuis, Obliti folitæ pietatis, murmure rauco Gyrantes flammas alti culpemus Olimpi. Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit. Tantænè insidunt animis cælestibus iræ, Vt neque præcipui pastoris candida virtus; Nec prudens rebus folertia parta gerendis; Nec pectus varia fuffultum Palladis arte; Nec fuauem referens facundia docta Periclem; Nec pius et patriæ tutandæ feruidus ardor; Nec vigil in nostræ Dictynnæ cura falutem; Nec magni tituli, feriesque et splendor auorum, Nec res innumeræ, quarum fulgebat honore, Saturni poffent frontem pacare malignam, Et nocuum Lunæ frigus, Martisque calorem? O rigidos ignes, ô exitiabile cœlum: Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit. Attamen ô iusto mærori parcite cæli; Ouà non credideram, miseræ defectio mentis Impulit, et pietas, et adurens æstus amoris. Ah pudet, inque Deos prauè piget effe loquutum: Crimine Parcarum cecidit, non crimine vestro. O æterne parens, nutu qui nubila cogis, Et fixi rutilos, mundique rotatilis ignes Officio feruire iubes, terramque fouere Mobilibus radijs; dirarum facta fororum Inspice, que nusquam virtuti parcere norunt: Supplicijs cohibe duris, et vindice pæna. Noster enim Pastor, nondum poscente senecta, Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.

Corndon.

I now beginne: Apollo guide my founde, and weepe yee fifters of the learned hill: That your *Pægafean* fprings may leap their bound, and from their floate maie feas of teares diftill. Let deadly forrow with a fable wing, throughout the world go brute this tragedie: And let *Arcadians* altogether fing a woefull fong agenst heauns tirannie. Alas too foone by Destins fatall knife Sweet Melibous is deprived of life. Are wheeling orbs fo full of foule despight, that neither wisdome, nor true pietie, Nor learned skill, nor speech of choice delight, nor care of countries fweete fecuritie, Nor watchfull fludie for *Dianaes* health, nor gentle birth which vertues worth did raife, Nor honors titles, nor abundant wealth, nor thousand gifts deferuing endlesse praise Could fmooth the mallice of old Saturnes brow, or heate of Mars, or Lunaes deathfull colde: O enuious heauns, that winde I wotte not how, grudging the glories of this earthly molde. Alas too foone by Destins fatall knife: Sweete Melibœus is depriu'd of life. Yet glorious heauns, ô pardon my blafpheme, whose witte in forrowes Labyrinth is straide: All that I fpake was but a furious dreame, it was not you, but Fates that him betraide. O thou eternall Monarcke, at whose becke the planets mooue and make their influence: O give the *Destinies* a wrathfull checke, afflict them for their spightfull insolence. In case mine oraison seeme ouerlarge, ô yet vouchsafe me but this one request, That fatall lawes be giun to Saintes in charge,

whose hands and harts wil alwaies work the best.

Sin maiora precor quam sit mortalibus æquum, Hoc tamen, hoc vnum mifero concede petenti: Ille Deus nostri certiffima gloria ruris. Qui tua legatus recte mandata faceffit, In furuos lapfus thalamos Iunonis Auerna. Immites Parcas rapidi Phlegetontis ad undam Increpet, et iubeat pastorum absistere fatis, Tam propero quoniam devoluunt stamina fuso. Posthac atherea calorum fiat in arce Illud opus, dignum Superis. Quid Noctis alumnæ, Atque Erebi poffunt, quam candida rumpere fila? Morta rosam piceo vernantem corripit ungue: Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit. Inuidet (heu) fummis pastoribus improba Morta. Astrophilum pridem rapuit vitalibus auris, Delicias Melibæe tuas, Hyalesque maritum Candidulæ nymphæ pulchrum, dùm fata finebant.

Cùm Pyrenæis leo descendisset Iberus Montibus, et curfu longinqua per æquora vectus, Belgarum tandem violens armenta voraret: Astrophilus ferro cinctus, fudibufque præustis, Finibus erupit nostris, validoque furentem Marte laceffiuit, folo virtutis amore. Cætera ne dicam, lacrymæ, gemitusque fatigant. Ad focerum redeo. Generi certamina lugens Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit. Dicite nunc focij, si dicere forte potestis, Quis vice defuncti crescentes aggere claudet Montofo riuos, nè pascua picta pererrent? Quis fofsa torrentis aquas prohibebit agello, Nè simul et lætas messes, et pinguia latè Deuastent culta, heù miseris ploranda colonis? Quis pice languiduli scabiem curabit ouilis, Aut alios vario fubeuntes corpore morbos Tollet, et immundum merfabit flumine vellus? Ouis molles pratis agnos, agnos trepidantes. Et teneros celsis imponet montibus hædos, Nocteque fub prima faturos in tecta reducet? Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.

What can those Imps of euerclowding mist, those ruthlesse daughters of eternall night;
But (tyrantlike) funder their vitall twist, whose shining vertues are the worldes chiefe light?

Alas too foone by destins fatall knife,

Sweet Melibous is deprived of life.

And was not Astrophill in flowring prime, by cruell Fates cut off before his daie, Yong Astrophill, the mirrour of our time, faire Hyales chiefe joy, till his decay? When late a dreadfull Lyon in his pride descended downe the Pyranaan mount, And roaring through the pastures farre and wide, deuowr'd whole Belgian heards of chief account: Stout Astrophill incenst with fole remorfe, refolu'd to die, or fee the flaughter ceast: Then fenst with fire and fword, with manly force he made affalt vpon the furious beaft. But of this tale teares d[r]owne the latter part: I must returne to Melibaus fall, Who mourning still for Astrophils depart, forfooke his friends, and loft himfelfe withall. Alas too foone by Destins fatall knife, Sweet Melibœus is depriu'd of life.

And keep the fluds from breaking ore the plaines? and fheild our tender flocks from deadly fpoile? Who shall recure their faintie maladies, and purge their fleeces in fost running streams? Who shall defend our lambs from ieoperdies? and shrowd our kids from *Titans* parching beames?

Nowe tell me shephards all, and fellow swaynes, who shal with rampiers sence our country soile? Quis presso vacuam tellurem sindet aratro,
Pinguia dividuis ut sulcis semina mandet,
Et glebis subigat dentata crate solutis?
Quis metet, et vinclas stridentibus undiqué plaustris
Exportabit agro, ponetque sub horrea fruges,
Sirius urenti spicas ubi coxerit astro?
Quis positis minuet passorum iurgia saxis,
Constitoque feras lites, privataque bella
Molliet eloquio, dum quisque aliena subintrat
Arua, nec assueto dignatur limite stringi?
Publica quis vidui curabit commoda ruris?
Seria quis ludis miscebit, et utile dulci?
Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.

Tityrus.

Sape meis olim placuit tua stridula canna Auribus, ad Parios quando cantabat olores, Sequana diuisam quà fluctibus alluit urbem, Falicem, licito si regi serviat, urbem.
Tùm tua cordatis (memini) iuvenilia plectra Perplacuere viris, vpupisque es visus hyrundo. At nunc ô Corydon, quantum mutaris ab illo Tempore? prima nouis superatur Musa querelis; Dumque pio mortem Melibai carmine destes. Arcadia toti dulcis philomela vidêris. Attamen ut lasso sit respirare facultas, Raucus ego captos augebo carmine cantus. Ante diem (proh sata) diem Melibaeus obiuit.

Infælix mifero canitur dum nænia verfu,
ô quotquot primæua parens animantia terris
Indidit, aut gelido ponto, cæloque patenti,
Omnia nunc fimul ad mæflos concurrite planclus;
Vt pulchella meas mundi totius imago
Testetur lacrymas, atque illætabile murmur.
Privnim finifero magnus avas firit in orbe

Primum signifero magnus quas fixit in orbe Arbiter, ô mecum cunche lugete siguræ. Carcinus ardorem lacrymoso temperet imbre. Æstinusque Leo rugitibus impleat auram: Who now shal til our ground, and reape our corne?

who shall assuage the strife of swelling pride,

When eurie swynard shall exceede his borne,

and will not by God Terminus be tyde?

Alas too foone by Destins fatall knife,

Sweet Melibœus is deprived of life.

Tityrus

Thy tunes have often pleaf'd mine eare of yoare, when milk-white fwans did flocke to heare thee fing. Where Seane in Paris makes a double shoare, Paris thrife bleft if fhee obey her King. But now ô Corydon, that lightfome vaine is changed from youth to aged grauitie, That whilft I heare thee bitterlie complaine, me thinks Apollo fings in Arcadie. And yet afford thy moorning Muse some rest, while I (though skil and voice are both decaide) With termes of duetie from a penfiue breft bewaile my friend, whom cruell Fates betraide. Alas too foone by Destins fatall knife Sweete Melibous is depriu'd of life. O all that all the *Vniuers* containes in heaun, or aire, or earth, or watrie deepe: With mutual plaints make light my fecret pains, for forrow wasts in teares, where manie weepe And first ye Figures in the Zodiacke line, that decke heauns girdle with æternall light: O faine fome griefs, and knit them vnto mine, fuch griefs as may this bafer worlde affright. Now Cancer flake thy heate with brackish raine,

and Leo roare, to make the skie difmaide:

Et nolit faltare Aries : fletumque perennem Amphora distillet: quid enim nisi flere potestis? Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit. Libra diem tepido non æquet sydere nocti: Nam magis arridet tenebrofa dolentibus umbra, Splendida quam lucis facies : lux confona lætis, Vulneret Arcitenens infectis cruda fagittis Numina Parcarum, vt diro cruciata veneno, Horrendis trepidum turbent ululatibus Orcum. Et piger inducat Capricornus frigora brumæ Mansuræ, pluvias et Piscis mutuet undas. Et feriat cornu Taurus; caudaque minaci Scorpius: et nufquam Gemini pereuntia fratres Carbafa fustentent. Tu denique candida Virgo Vngue genas lacera: quid enim nisi triste supersit? Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit. Lucentis porró finuofa volumina cæli. O simul ad nostras accedite singula curas: Ne Superûm sedes, mundo lacrymante minori, Diffluat ad luctum, quoniam nihil es nisi luctus: Nam mihi si vates pastorum maximus Orpheus Veridice motus, viresque reclusit Olimpi, Plumbeus et gelidus cyclum percurris auaro Progressu, tardique premunt vestigia calcis Tristities, gemitus, lacrymæ, lamenta, dolores, Deliræ tenebræ, terror, difcordia, pallor, Per dulces nobis comites in funere, quando Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit. Tu verò celebris nymphæ Cretenfis alumne, Qui laudata tenes in lampade regna fequenti, Exue nunc veteres animos ad gaudia promptos, Atque falutaris mutetur gratia stellæ, Nec blanda virtute Deum compesce furentem. Diffundant lites flammata palatia Martis Pectus in humanum: nec, te miferante, cruenta Sistatur cædes, aut frænos perferat ira. Auree Sol mundo non amplius esto benignus: Quæque præis, fequerisque (fuo fed tempore) Solem, Soluare in lacrymas: Et tu chariffime Stilbon.

Aquarius powre thou downe falt teares amaine, and Aries let thy dancing now be staide.

Now Libra make not aquinoctiall, but fuffer night to ouergrow the daie:

For darkenes fits all vs that liue in thrall, let those haue light that list to sport and plaie.

Now let the *Centaure* with his poined fteele

who the *Estatus* with his pointed teck who the *Fates* inflict a deadlie wounde:

That for miguiding late their fatall wheele they may lament with guoss of vnder-ground.

Now let the winter vnder Capricorne

last still: and *Pifees* lend him watrie showres: Let *Taurus* wound the welkin with his horne,

and *Scorpio* with his taile fling fatall powres. Now *Gemini* forbeare with gladfome fline, to comfort Sea-men in their chiefe difpaire:

Virgo make fountains of thy daie-bright eine, and teare the treasure of thy golden haire.

Alas too foone by Destins fatall knife

Sweete Melibous is deprived of life.

Yee feaunfold flames, whose euer-circling fires maintain this earth with influence from your sphears,

And with your powre guide mortall mens defires, now leave your harmonie, and fall to teares.

Yet cankred *Saturne* it were all in vaine, with my intreats to call for thy lament,

For if old *Orpheus* but a footh haue faine, to miferies thy minde is alwaies bent.

Thou still art lumpish, waiward, cold, and sloe, attended on with *Terror*, doating night,

Pale difcontent, fighs, difcord, teares, and woe, fit mates for me that want my chiefe delight.

But thee faire *Iupiter* I must require, to change the gratious vertue of thy starre,

And not to temper with thy gentle fire, the raging heates of him that breedeth warre. Opposito Phabi lucem confunde galero; Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit. Ultima mobilium sphærarum, sed mihi prima, Dum varios mutata fubis, fundisque labores, Luna tuo nostros auge conamine questus. Define furari Phæbo fua lumina, pennæ Noctis ut obuelent denfa caligine terram, Deque polo sperent solatia nulla miselli Arcades, eximij Pastoris morte miselli. Defectusque tuæ doleant mortalia lucis Omina: fubtimidi Reges, populique tremiscant, Effigiem noctis quando fine nocte figuras. Humorum tam larga tuo defcendat ab ore Copia, transiliant omnes ut marmora metas. Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit. Iamque graves audi spirabilis aura querelas: Et quæcunque tuus, spatio diffufus inani, Continet amplexus, dignentur promere mecum Funebre lamentum. Radijs ex æquore tracti Humores, gemitu pulsi mutentur in imbrem. Efficiant lacrymæ nubes, fufpiria caufas Ventorum, varium discordia semina fulmen. Rubræ pyramides, ardens candela, fagittæ Accenfæ, fcintilla volans, ignita capella, Idolum, grando, tonitru, stellæque cadentes, Cunctaque quæ pando generantur in æthere, mira Defuper ad nostros ædant portenta dolores. Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.

Corydon.

Nunc mihi ceffatum fatis est: tu Tityre paulùm, Dum positos iterùm tento depromere luctus, Respira, grauibusque modum concede querelis. Alternis stentes vicibus cantabimus ambo, Ceruicesque iugo parili subdemus uterque. Tu (fateor) grandi tetigisti magna cothurno, Æthereos tractus numerans, orbisque remoti Virtutes. At humi tandèm mea Musula serpet, Ac humili texet nisi passoralia cantu:

Let *Mars* roaue vncontrold and kindle strife, that *Sorrowes* may fit downe by *Slaughters* side:

And golden *Sol* furcease to fauour life; and *Venus* weepe, as if *Adonis* dide.

And Stilbon with thy hatt cloude Phæbus face, and Luna fee thou steale no more his beames:

But let thy Steedes forbeare their nightlie race, and from thy bosome powre downe weeping streames. Alas too foone by Deflins fatal knife, Sweete Melibous is depriv'd of life.

Now Aire, and what thy circuites doe containe, helpe to lament great Melibaus death:

Let clouds of teares with fighs be turnd to raine, admit no winde but euergroaning breath.

Now fet thy firie *Pyramids* to viewe, thy diuers *Idols*, *Candles* burning bright:

Inflamed Shafts, Comets of dreadfull hewe; Sparkles that flie, and Starres that fall by night.

Let all thy *Meteors*, of what euer kinde, with terror fort them felues in iust araie:

And worke fuch fear in euery mortall minde, that all the world may waile for ones decaie.

Alas to[o] foone by Destins fatal knife,
Sweete Meliboeus is deprived of life.

Corydon.

O *Tityrus* thy plaint is ouerlong, here pause a while, at *Corydons* request:

Of what is wanting in thy farfet fong, my moorning voice shall striue to tell the rest.

But I must forrow in a lower vaine, not like to thee, whose words have wings at wil: Est mea simplicitas rudibus contenta camænis. Attamen ô vtinàm sacro de fonte bibissem Dignos perpetua Melibæi laude liquores, Et folidas possem rupes mollire canendo: Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit. Omnia nunc istile spaciosi Numina ruris Accelerate gradus, viridique in cespite Diui Cumbentes, sparsisque genas humoribus alto Defluxis cerebro, variato murmure nostras (Nam vester Melibæus erat) fulcite camænas. Et cultæ Charites paulisper mittite lucos Suauibus exhilarare fonis, aut fole foreno Pectere flauentes per eburnea colla capillos. Dulcis ad afcaulæ numeros non motibus usquam Saltetur leuibus: defistant ludere nymphis Permisti Satyri · lacrymæ sint sola voluptas. 7 sta nouos etenim deposcunt tempora mores: Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit. In fyluis, exuta fuis iam quælibet arbos Frondibus, amissum doleat nudata virorem. Iuniperi vernix exudet corpore feclo, Et spissi Myrrhæ fæcundo cortice rores. In fyluis corui crocitent, et bubo, Strygesque, Vulturiusque gemant: strepitent sturni, graculique, Vnifonas rudibus cuculis geminantibus odas. Sed turdus, fringilla, rubella, et alauda, et Acanthis, Et reliquæ taceant volucres, quæ dulce fufurrant. In fyluis Vri, vulpes, vrsique lupique, Et frendens aper, et catulis comitata leæna, Vicinas feriant metuendis questibus auras: Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit. Fam viduis in agris fegetes capita inclinate, Nec teuuis grauidam spicam sustentet arista, Agricola rapto, qui vos runcare folebat. Iam viduis in agris teneræ marcescite vites, Inque nouo crefcens moriatur palmite gemma, Quandoquidem perijt, qui vinitor effe folebat. Iam viduis in agris crudi putrescite fructus, Castaneæ, pyra, pruna, nuces, et citrea mâla.

- An humble stile besits a simple Swaine, my *Muse* shall pipe but on an oaten quill.
- Immortall *Fauni*, *Satyrs*, and great *Pan*, the Gods and guiders of our fruitfull foile.
- Come feat your felues by me, and waile the man, whose death was hastned by his vertuous toile.
- Yee comelie *Graces* neither dance nor plaie, nor kembe your beauteous treffes in the Sun,
- But now fince *Melibæus* is awaie, fit downe and weepe, for wanton daies are dun.
- Now in the woods be leafeleffe eury *Tree*, and beare not pleafant fruits as heretofore:
- Myrrha let weeping gums distill from thee, and help to make my dolefull plaint the more.
- Now in the woods let *night-rauns* croak by daie, and gladies *Owles* shrike out, and *Vulturs* grone:
- But *fmaller birds* that fweetly fing and play, be whift and ftill: for you can make no mone.
- Now in the fields each *corne* hang down his head, fince he is gon that weeded all our corne:
- And fprouting *Vines* wither till you be dead, fince he is dead, that shielded you from storme.

Insitor occubuit, mala qui castrare folebat. Iam viduis ab agris pulchri discedite flores, Lilia, narciffi, calthæ, violæque, rofæque, Qui dudum noster topiarius effe folebat, Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit. O vidui ruris vepres, viburna, rubeta; O valles, campi, montes; ô flebilis Eccho; O quæ lugetis defunctum examina regem; O fontes, riui, vada, flumina, stagna, paludes; Tuque coaxatrix ad craffas rana lacunas; Et nymphæ gelidis habitantes antra fub undis Saxea, fed molli femper viridantia mufco; O armenta, fues, et oues, ouiumque magistri, Infantes, pueri, iuuenesque, virique, fenesque, Matronæque graues, nuptæ, innuptæque puellæ, Ouotquot in Arcadia vitalem ducitis auram, O simul, ô mecum miseros effundite questus: Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.

Tityrus.

If that mitte mihi: me, me magis ifta decebunt, Quem dolor augefcens curis mordacibus urit. Occidis ô dulcis Melibæe, ô patrue dulcis, O pater, ô quid non? ô nostri gloria ruris Mascula, sirmatum Dinæ munimen Elisæ. Sicut enim robor, vel quæ fuperminet ingens Ornus, in excelfas dum furgit vertice nubes, Perferat ipfa licèt violenti fulminis ictus, Luctantesque ruant venti circumque supraque, Perque comas, perque ora imber fluat, illa nec atro Fulmine, nec vento luctante, nec imbre fatifcit: Haud fecus ille vices fortunæ pertulit omnes, Sed femper constans, et Elifæ sidus. At eheu, Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit Tu rectè Corydon ad nostras rura querelas Impellis clamore tuo: Sed totus ut orbis Nobifcum rapti deploret Solis acerbum Occafum, falfo regnantia Numina campo

- Now in the fields rot *fruits* while you are greene, fince he is gon that víde to graff and grace you: And die faire *Flowres*, fince he no more is feene, that in *Dianaes* garland víde to place you.
- O heards and tender flocks, ô handsmooth plains, ô Eccho dwelling both in mount and vallie:
- O groues and bubling fprings, ô nimphs, ô fwains, ô yong and olde, ô weepe all Arcadie.

 Alas too foone by Deflins fatall knife

 Sweete Melibœus is depriv'd of life.

Tityrns.

- O let me interrrupt thee yet once more,
 for who should more lament his losse then I,
 That oft haue tasted of his bounteous store,
 and knew his secret vertues persectie?
 We have alreadie summond everie part,
 excepting that which in the Ocean lies:
 To stand copartners of our wosfull smart,
- Now therfore *Neptune* grant me this one boone, depose great *Ioue* for so misguiding sate:

and beate the fenfeleffe aire with Elegies.

Compellare libet, luctuque fubire profundum: Omnia nam gremio complectitur Amphitrite. Huc ades ô Neptune pater, furcaque tridenti Ignauo minitare polo, qui fydere nullo Immites Erebi, Fatique cöercuit iras; Non impune ferat tantum patientia cali Delictum: fub aquis cogatur viuere magnus Iuppiter, et suprà tu fati dirige leges: Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit. Huc ades O Nerei nunquam nisi vera canentis Glauce fenex vates; et tu Terræque marisque Fili Phorce veni, Ceto comitate marita, Quæ feruaturum fuluo pomaria fruclu Consita serpentem peperit, mirabile monstrum: Tuque nouis dudùm titulis imbute Palæmon: Et tot diversas olim mentite figuras, Ad nos Carpathio vates è gurgite prodi: Et Tethis, natuque minor Thetys: Ilicèt omnes Dijque Deæque maris, nymphæque, Pherufa, Ligæa, Lamprothöe, Melite, Galatæaque, Cymothöeque, Nobifcum flentes totos infumite riuos. Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit. Intereá Triton stridenti marmora concha Personet extremas præterlabentia terras, Et rauco celebret Melibæi funera cantu, Lugûbri cantu, quem cærula deferat unda In varias oras Phæbo fub utroque iacentes, Et tristi præter folitum rumore fufurrans, Innumeros voluat per inania littora planctus. Non ità lafciui furgant delphines in altum, Ut capiant pueros, cythara vel Arionis ipfi Sint iterum capti; fed abundent lumina fletu. Et tepidum, fed fyncerum nunc improba Syren Exundet rorem, fparfos laniata capillos. Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.

Corydon.

Iam satis est lacrymis indultum Tityre: paulum

That Melibaus wounded all too foone, by *Mortaes* malice dies before his date.

And thou old Glaucus with divining bleft, Prophet to him that neuer speakes but truth.

Come with Palamon, Phorcus, and the rest,

and here give oracle of endles ruth.

Come Tethis come with Thetis after thee, and all thy watrie nymphs, a louelie traine:

Vouchfafe to fit vpon these bankes with me, that I may heare both thee and them complaine.

And thou great Triton with thy founding shell, impart my grieuance vnto euerie shore:

And with a murmure make the waves goe tell, that worthie Melibaus breaths no more.

Now let no Dolphins feeke Arions Muse, nor play by shore to ketch vp heedles boies:

Let them suppose sweete Musicke out of vse, and wanton louetricks to be foolish toies.

Deceitfull Mermaids leave your auncient guife, forbeare to fing while tempest troubles vs:

Let me behold whole fountains in your eies, for weeping fits vnhappie Tityrus.

Corydon.

But Tityrus inough, leave of a while:

Aufculta, et compone meis fermonibus ora, Dum meliora loquar cælesti Numine doctus: Nam mihi, nescio quo, plenum spiramine peclus Lætitias ardet muliebria poft lamenta. Tu mecum lætare simul, quià nubila tecum Vnanimis luxi: fit tempus vtrique ferenum. Non ita multa fubest ità longi causa doloris. Ab falsd querimus Melibæum fata fubiffe Lurida, cùm diræ molis compage folutus, Et mæstam placido commutans sydere terram, Æternas luces oculis miratur apertis. Ille fupra cœles (quifquis fuit ille Deorum, Qui mihi fuggeffit) virtuti præmia liuor Ne raperet, vitam firmantis pocula fumplit Nectaris, et nostras ridet super astra querelas. Tityre fœlici lætum Pæana canamus. Cælestes inter turmas, quas ordo nouenus Dividit, (antiquo si fas est credere vati) Fam noster Melibæus agit; quà flammea latè Collucent Seraphin: Et facro plena liquore Plus fapiunt Cherubin: et quà censura potentis Iusta Thronos intrans mortalia singula librat: Quà fimul a facro dominantia numina nomen Officio capiunt, multum parentque iubentque: Quà princeps numerus fubiectis myslica pandit Ciuibus: et femper fuperantibus vtitur armis Turba Protestatum: Virtutes mira facessunt: Deniquè quà maiora ferens Archangelus orbi Cantat, et Angelicus qui nunciat ordo minora. Tityre, fœlici lætum Pæana canamus.

ftop moorning springs, drie vp thy drearie eine, And blithlie intertaine my altred file, inticd from griefs by fome allure divine. For now my mind reclaimd from carefull mone, gins fault hir giuing place to forrows fourfe: And in hir change intreats thee cease to grone, that as we grieud, so we may joie by course. In iust complaint though forrowes were begun, and all too litle for the man we waile: Yet now at last our forrows must be done. and more then moorning reason must preuail. Iniustlie grudge we Melibæus death, as though his worth were buried in his fate: But neither are his vertues drenchd in *Leath*, nor vertuous foule remoud to meaner state: His faith hath framd his spirit holie wings, to foare with Astrophil aboue the Sun: And there he ioies, whence every comfort fprings, and where the fulnes of his bliffe begun. Let vs be ioifull after long annoie, Since Melibœus lius in perfect ioie. Our Melibæus lius where Seraphins doe praise the *Highest* in their glorious flames:

Where flowes the knowledge of wife *Cherubins*: where Throans exhibit earthlie deeds and names Where Dominations rule and yet obaie:

where Principalities to lower powers Deepe hidden misteries doe still bewraie: where arms are vfd by foe-fubduing powers. Where Vertues practife miracles and wunder:

where both Archangels and fweet Angels fing, Whose office is, to vs, that live here vnder, from heaun cælestiall messages to bring.

Let vs be ioifull after long annoie, Since Melibœus lius in perfit ioie. Now Melibæus in comparelesse place, drinkes Neclar, eates divine Ambrofia;

And hath fruition of eternall grace, and with his countrance cheeres Arcadia.

Cum fuperis Diuis diuinas incolit arces Ambrosijs epulis pastus Melibæus: et alto Culmine despiciens per tralucentis Olimpi Stellas, Arcadiam vultu folatur amico. Nos ex officio, dùm spiritus incolit astra, Spargamus violis, et olenti corpus Acantho, Purpureifque rosis, casiaque, thymoque et amomo: Et merito tantum careat nè funus honore, Ornemus velo, pulchrifque tapetibus artus, O præclare, tuo dignos, Maufole, fepulchro. Ducamus vigiles noctes ad triste cadauer, Eulogijs plenos recitantes undiquè verfus. Tityre, fœlici lætum Pæana canamus. Solemur Dryadem, nimio quæ victa dolore, (Heu vereor) ficut quondam Philaceia coniux, Amplexans gracilem defuncti coniugis umbram, Expirabit amans. Hyalen folemur honoræ Matris adhærentem lateri, iunclisque querelis Mollia ad immites tendentem brachia cœlos, Brachia Sithoniis niuibus mage candida, quorum Astrophilus toties in vincula grata cucurrit, Ut cingi cupidæ sinuosis vitibus ulmi. Denique vexillis nigrum parmisque ferêtrum Condamus, furuos infignia debita pannos Tigridis ut vultu decorent, et fronte minaci. Tityre, fœlici lætum Pæana canamus. Imprimis autèm facram conemur uterque,

Then while his fpirit dwels in heaunlie towres, let vs performe what honor dutie willes:

Let vs adorne his facred tumb with flowres, and fweete it with the riches of our hilles.

Our vernall *Flora* that bewailes our loffe, will gladlie let hir flowrie locks be rent:

And clad hir felfe in moornfull roabes of mosse,

if all the treasure of hir buds were spent.

Then *Flora* lends vs thime and violets, fweete balme and rofes for his buriall:

Bestow no wealth on wanton amorets, but spare it to adorne his funerall.

And Pales bath his lims in fluds of milke, and couer him with coftly ornament:

Inshrine his corps in sheetes of softest filke, for he deserus *Mausolus* monument.

And Tityrus let vs before the rest

fet holie lights, and watch his breathles corfe,

Singing fweet himns for him whose foule is bleft, though parted from his flesh by deaths diuorce.

Now cheere we *Dryas* in hir miferie,

who ouerlong bewailes hir haplesse case:

Lest overlouing like Laodamie,

shee loose hir selse in deepe supposed imbrace.

Now call we *Hyale* from whifpring streames, increast with teares (true feruants of annoie). Who takes no pleasure but in griefs extreames.

Who takes no pleasure but in griess extreames, nor ioies in ought but in hir want of ioie:

Faire *Hyale*, who wringing oft hir armes, hir armes far whiter then *Sythonian* fnoa,

With doubling fighs bewails hir helples harmes,
Alas that helples harmes should vexe hir fo.

Yet beuteous Nymph thy carefull mother liues,

(long may shee liue, and liuing ease thy hart) Accept what comfort hir furuing giues,

and in lifes comfort drown thy forrows fmart. Helpe thou with vs, and eurie countrie wight,

to chace all grieuance from *Dianaes* minde: From drad *Diana*, earths and heauns delight, *Diana*, glorie of hir fexe and kinde;

Totaque folari nobifcum rura Dianam; Quæ caput est huius regni, quæ gloria regni; Quæ Cybele cæli nostri, quæ nostra Sybilla; Quæ pietatis amans; placidæ quæ pacis amica; Quæ genus et proauos proprijs virtutibus ornat; Quæ varijs loquitur linguis; quæ vatibus ipfa Indulget vates, et doctis doctior ipfa; Quæ Iunonis habet gestum, moresque Mineruæ, Et veneris formam; quæ, sit licèt innuba virgo. Exuperat reges, quantum querceta myricas. Sed quid eam refero, que nostro carmine maior, Est cantanda tuo dulcis Spencere esthurno, Cuius inest numeris Hiblæi copia mellis. Tu quoque nobifcum (quoniàm tu noster Apollo) Lugentem folare Deam, quotiès Melibæi Trislia lacrymulis preciosis funera deslet. Dic illi (tu namquè potes fælice camæna) Arcadas innumeros, quanquam Melibæus obiuit, Præstantes superesse viros, similes Melibœi. Damcetam memora, quo non præclarior alter, Non quifquam ingenio melior, non promptior ore, Non gravior vultu, nec ad arma paratior extat: Ille est Damætas, qui iuris corrigit iram, Quem vocat Hattonum Triviæ venerabile Numer Damonem memora, qui Nestora pluribus annis Confilioque refert nunquam nisi vera monenti: Nam quod erat magno maturus Nestor Atridæ,

Diana, wondrous mirrour of our daies;
Diana matchleffe Queene of Arcadie;
Diana, whose furpassing beauties praise
Improous hir worth past terrene deitie;

Diana, Sibill for hir fecret skill;

Diana, pieties chief earthlie friend;

Diana, holie both in deede and will;
Diana whose iust praises haue no end.

Ah but my Muse, that creeps but on the ground,

begins to tremble at my great prefume, For naming hir, whose titles onelie found doth glad the welkin with a sweet persume.

For in hir minde fo manie vertues dwell,

as eurie moment breed new pieties: Yet all in one coioind doe all excell,

and crowne hir worth with fundrie deities. But that vnwares my forie stile proceeds

drad *Cynthia* pardon: loue defires difpenfe:

As *Ioucs* high Oaks orelook *Pans* flender reeds, fo boue all praifing flies thine excellence.

Yet left my homefpun verse obscure hir worth, sweet Spencer let me leaue this taske to thee,

Whose neuerstooping quill can best set forth fuch things of state, as passe my Muse, and me.

Thou *Spencer* art the alderliefest fwaine, or haply if that word be all to base,

Thou art *Apollo* whose sweet hunnie vaine amongst the Muses hath a chiefest place.

Therefore in fulnes of thy duties loue, calme thou the tempest of *Dianaes* brest,

Whilst shee for *Melibæus* late remoue afflicts hir mind with ouerlong vnrest.

Tell hir forthwith (for well flee likes thy vaine) that though great *Melibæus* be awaie:

Yet like to him there manie still remaine, which will vphold hir countrie from decaie.

First name Damætas, flowre of Arcadie, whose thoughts are prudent, and speech vertuous,

Whose looks have mildnes joind with Maiestie, whose hand is liberall and valorous:

Qui patrem patriæ multis Aiacibus vnum
Prætulit, id nostræ Damon longæuus Elifæ:
Regales gazas rectos conferuat in ufus
Damon, Cæcilium quem diximus Arcades olim.
Ægonem memora, vicinas lintribus undas
Qui tegit, et validi Neptuni munere fungens,
Ingentes nostro prostigat littore phocas:
Howardum veteres fæclo dixere priori.
Denique tu Mopsum, tu Daphnim, tu Alphesibæum,
Syluanum, Faustum, et fapientem multa Menalcam,
Et reliquos numera pastores, quotquot Elifam
Pectore fyncero, nullam passisque quietem
Luminibus, vigiles auido tutantur ab hosse.
Ambrosios illi sistent hæc nomina stetus.

Tityrus.

Quales Oebalij faustissima lumina fratres,

Exhaustos pelagi rabie, pulsuque frementum

Æolidum, grato tranquillant sydere nautas,

Dum ponunt venti, pluviæ ceduntque tenêbræ:

Sic tuus ô tandèm (Corydon) peramabilis aures

Sermo meas mulcens, exêmit pectore curam,

Et lacrymas oculis, et acerbas ore querelas.

Eccè sed adveniens suadet discedere vesper:

Fre domum libeat, pecudesque includere septis,

Discam paulatim rigidos de discere luctus.

He is *Damætas*, that is wont to blame extreamest instice voide of equitie: Diana terms him by an other name, Hatton, vnlesse I faile in memorie. The name old *Damon*, whom shee knows of old for fuch as Neftor was to Gracians guide: Worth ten of Aiax, worth all Craffus gold, if his deferts in ballance could be tride. Damon is he that counfels still aright, and heedfullie perferus Dianaes store : And wakes when others rest them selus by night, we Arcads cald him Cecill heretofore. Then name braue Ægon, that with ships defence about our coast orespreds the Ocean plaines, To keepe fell monsters of the fea from hence: we cleape him Howard, that are countrie fwaines. Name Mopfus, Daphnis, Faustus, and the rest, whose feurall gifts thy finging can expresse: When thou shalt tell how shee in them is blest,

Tityrus.

their verie names will comfort hir distresse.

Caftor and Pollux, Lædaes louelie twins, whose bright aspect cheers moornful Mariners, Shewing them felues when pleafant calme begins, of gladfome newes two welcome meffengers, Conuey great comfort to the weltred minde, and with their sheen appearance breed delight: Yet *Corydon* thy leare and loue combinde please more by hearing, then those twain by fight, For they portending stormie windes surcease, but by portending cause the hearts content: Thy learnd perfuades command my forrow ceafe, and fweetnes doth allure to merriment. But hie we homeward, night comes on apace, weel learne beliue forget our doleful notes: See where faire *Venus* shewes hir radiant face, lets hence, and thut our theepfolds in their coat.

TEARS OF

Fancie.

OR,

Loue Disdained.

Ætna grauius Amor.



Printed at London for William Barley, dwelling in Gratious streete ouer against Leaden Hall. 1593.





Oe Idle lines vnpolisht rude and base,
Vnworthy words to blason beauties glory:
(Beauty that hath my restles hart in chase,
Beauty the subject of my ruefull story.)
I warne thee shunne the bower of her
abiding,

Be not fo bold ne hardy as to view her:
Least shee inraged with thee fall a chiding,
And so her anger proue thy woes renewer.
Yet if shee daigne to rew thy dreadfull smart,
And reading laugh, and laughing so mislike thee:
Bid her desist, and looke within my hart,
Where shee may see how ruthles shee did strike mee.
If shee be pleased though shee reward thee not,
What others say of me regard it not.





Sonnet. 1.

N prime of youthly yeares as then not wounded,
With Loues impoisoned dart or bitter gall:
Nor minde nor thoughts on fickle Fancie grounded,
But carelesse hunting after pleasures ball.
I tooke delight to laugh at Louers follie,
Accounting beautie but a fading blossome:
What I esteemed prophane, they deemed holie,
Ioying the thraldome which I counted loathsome.
Their plaints were such as no thing might relieue them,
Their harts did wellnie breake loues paine induring:
Yet still I smild to see how loue did grieue them,
Vnwise they were their forrowes selse procuring.
Thus whilst they honoured Cupid for a God,
I held him as a boy not past the rod.

Sonnet. 2. Ong time I fought, and fiercely waged warre,

Against the God of amarous Desire:
Who sets the senses mongst themselues at iarre,
The hart inflaming with his lustfull fire.
The winged boy vpon his mothers knee,
Wantonlie playing neere to Paphos shrine:
Scorning that I should checke his Deitie,
VVhose dreaded power tam'd the gods diuine.
From forth his quiuer drew the keenest dart,
VVherewith high Ioue he oftentimes had wounded:
And siercely aimd it at my stubborne hart,
But backe againe the idle shaft rebounded.
Loue saw and frownd, that he was so beguiled,
I laught outright, and Venus sweetely smiled.

Son[net]. 3.

Sonnet. 3.

Hee fmild to fee her fonne in fuch a rage,
I laught to thinke how I had Loue preuented:
He frownd and vowd nought fhould his ire affwage,
Till I had floopt to Loue, and loue repented.
The more he rag'd the greater grew our laughter,
The more we laught the fiercer was his ire:
And in his anger fware my poore harts flaughter,
VVhich in my breaft beautie fhould fet on fire.
Faire Venus feeing her deere fonne in chollar,
Fearing mishap by his too hasty anger:
Perswaded him that shee would worke my dollor,
And by her meanes procure my endles langor.
So Loue and loues Queene (Loue hauing consented,)
Agreed that I by Loue should be tormented.

Sonnet. 4.

Ho taking in her lap the God of loue,
Shee lightly mounted through the Christall aire:
And in her Coach ydrawne with siluer Doues,
To Vulcans smokie Forge shee did repaire.
VVhere having wonne the Ciclops to her will,
Loues quiver fraught with arrowes of the best:
His bended bow in hand all armd to kill,
He vowd revenge and threatned my vnrest.
And to be sure that he would deadly strike me,
His blindfold eies he did a while vncouer:
Choosing an arrow that should much mislike me,
He bad wound him that scornes to be a Louer.
But when he saw his bootles arrow shiver,
He brake his bow, and cast away his quiver.

Sonnet. 5.

Opeles and helpeles too, poore loue amated,
To fee himselse affronted with distaine:
And all his skill and power spent in vaine,
At me the onely object that he hated.
Now Cytherea from Olimpus mount,
Descending from the sphere with her deere sonne:
VVith Douelike wings to Alcidalyon,
Loue on her knee, shee by the Christall sount;
Aduisde the boy what scandall it would bee,
If Fame should to the open world discouer
How I suruiu'd and scornd Loues sacred power.
Then Cupid lightly leaping from her knee,
Vnto his mother vowd my discontenting:
Vnhappie vowe the ground of my lamenting.

Sonnet. 6.

Hen on the fodaine fast away he fled,

He fled apace as from pursuing foe:

Ne euer lookt he backe, ne turnd his head,

Vntill he came whereas he wrought my woe.

Tho casting from his backe his bended bow.

He quickly clad himselfe in strange disguise:

In strange disguise that no man might him know,

So coucht himselfe within my Ladies eies.

But in her eies such glorious beames did shine,

That welnigh burnt loues party coloured wings,

VVhilst I stood gazing on her sunne-bright eien,

The wanton boy shee in my bosome slings.

He built his pleasant bower in my brest,

So I in loue, and loue in me doth rest.

Sonnet. 7.

Ow Loue triumphed hauing got the day,
Proudly infulting, tyrannizing still:
As Hawke that ceazeth on the yeelding pray,
So am I made the scorne of Victors will.
Now eies with teares, now hart with forrow fraught,
Hart forrowes at my watry teares lamenting:
Eyes shed salt teares to see harts pining thought,
And both that then loue scornd are now repenting.
But all in vaine too late I pleade repentance,
For teares in eies and sighs in hart must weeld me:
The feathered boy hath doomd my fatall sentence,
That I to tyrannizing Loue must yeeld me.
And bow my necke erst subject to no yoke,
To Loues salse lure (such force hath beauties stroke.)

Sonnet. 8.

What a life is it that Louers ioy,

VVherein both paine and pleafure fhrouded is:
Both heauenly pleafures and eke hells annoy,
Hells fowle annoyance and eke heauenly bliffe.
VVherein vaine hope doth feede the Louers hart,
And brittle ioy fustaine a pining thought:
VVhen blacke dispaire renewes a Louers smart,
And quite extirps what first content had wrought.
VVhere faire resemblance eke the mind allureth,
To wanton lewd lust giuing pleasure scope:
And late repentance endles paines procureth,
But none of these afflict me saue vaine hope.
And sad dispaire, dispaire and hope perplexing,

Vaine hope my hart, dispaire my fancie vexing.

Sonnet. 17.

Hen from her fled my hart in forrow wrapped.

Like vnto one that shund pursuing slaughter:
All welnigh breathles told me what had happed,
How both in Court and countrie he had sought her.
The drerie teares of many loue repenting,
Corriuals in my loue whom fancie stroked:
Partners in loue and partners in lamenting,
My fellow thralls whose necks as mine were yoked.
The shepheards praises and their harts amis,
Vrged by my Mistres ouerweening pride:
For none that sees her but captiued is,
And last he told which to my hart did glide;
How all the teares I spent were vaine and forceles,
For shee in hart had vowd to be remorceles.

Sonnet. 18.

Ho with a showre of teares I entertained, My wounded hart into my breast acclosed: VVith thousand fundrie cares and griefes vnfained, Vnfained griefes and cares my hart annoied. Annoying forrowes at my harts returning, Affaild my thoughts with neuer ceasing horror: That even my hart, hart like to Ætna burning, Did often times conspire for to abhorre her. But enuious loue still bent to eke my mourning. A grieuous pennance for my fault inflicted: That eies should weepe and hart be euer groaning: So loue to worke my forrowes was addicted. But earths fole wonder whose eies my fense appalled, The fault was loues, then pardon me, for loue is franticke called. Sonnet. 19.

Sonnet. 19.

Y hart impos'd this penance on mine eies,
(Eies the first causers of my harts lamenting:
That they should weepe till loue and fancie dies,

Fond loue the last cause of my harts repenting. Mine eies vpon my hart instict this paine, (Bold hart that dard to harbour thoughts of loue) That it should loue and purchase fell distaine, A grieuous penance which my hart doth proue. Mine eies did weepe as hart had them imposed, My hart did pine as eies had it constrained: Eies in their teares my paled sace disclosed, Hart in his sighs did show it was distained. So th'one did weepe th'other sighed, both grieued, For both must liue and loue, both vnrelieued.

Sonnet. 20.

Y hart accus'd mine eies and was offended,
Vowing the caufe was in mine eies afpiring:
Mine eies affirmd my hart might well amend it,
If he at first had banisht loues desiring.
Hart said that loue did enter at the eies,
And from the eies descended to the hart:
Eies said that in the hart did sparkes arise,
Which kindled slame that wrought the inward smart,
Hart said eies tears might soone haue quencht that ssaid harts sighs at first might loue exile:
So hart the eies and eies the hart did blame,
VVhilst both did pine for both the paine did seele.
Hart sighed and bled, eies wept and gaz'd too much,
Yet must I gaze because I see none such.

Sonnet. 2E.

Sonnet. 21.

Ortune forwearied with my bitter mone,
Did pittie feldome feene my wretched fate:
And brought to paffe that I my loue alone,
Vnwares attacht to plead my hard eftate.
Some fay that loue makes louers eloquent,
And with diuineft wit doth them infpire:
But beautie my tongues office did preuent,
And quite extinguished my first desire.
As if her eies had power to strike me dead,
So was I dased at her crimson die:
As one that had beheld Medusaes head,
All senses failed their Master but the eie.
Had that sense failed and from me eke beene taken,
Then I had loue and loue had me forsaken.

Sonnet. 22.

Saw the obiect of my pining thought,
VVithin a garden of fweete natures placing:
VVhere in an arbour artificiall wrought,
By workemans wondrous skill the garden gracing.
Did boast his glorie, glorie farre renowned,
For in his shadie boughs my Mistres slept:
And with a garland of his branches crowned,
Her daintie forehead from the funne ykept.
Imperious loue vpon her eielids tending,
Playing his wanton sports at euery becke,
And into euerie finest limbe descending,
From eies to lips from lips to yuorie necke.
And euerie limbe supplide and t'euerie part,
Had free accesse but durst not touch her hart.

Sonnet. 23.

Of my harts obiect beauties rareft wonder:

VVhat is become of that hart-thrilling dart,

VVhose power brought the heauenly powers vnder.

Ah gentle loue if empty be thy quiuer,

Vnmaske thy selfe and looke within my brest:

VVhere thou shalt find the dart that made me shiuer,

But can I liue and see my loue distrest.

Ah no that shaft was cause of forrow endles,

And paine perpetuall should my Lady proue:

If hart were pierst, the deare loue be not friendles,

Although I neuer sound a friend of loue,

If not without her hart, her loue be gained,

Let me liue still forlorne and die disdained.

Sonnet. 24.

Till let me liue forlorne and die difdained,

My hart confenting to continuall languish:

If loue (my harts fore) may not be obtained,
But with the danger of my Ladies anguish.

Let me oppose my selse gainst forrowes force,
And arme my hart to beare woes heauy load:

Vnpittied let me die without remorce,
Rather than monster same shall blase abroad;
That I was causer of her woes induring,
Or brought saire beauty to so sowle a domage:
If life or death might be her ioyes procuring,
Both life, loue, death, and all should doe her homage.
But shee liues safe in freedomes liberty,
I liue and die in loues extremitie.

Sonnet. 25.

And deere lament my loues pride was a groue:
Plac'd twixt two hills within a lowlie dale,
Which now by fame was cald the vale of loue.
The vale of loue for there I fpent my plainings,
Plaints that bewraid my ficke harts bitter wounding:
Loue ficke harts deepe wounds with dispaire me paining.
The bordering hills my forrowing plaints resounding.
Each tree did beare the figure of her name,
VVhich my faint hand vppon their backs ingraued:
And euery tree did seeme her fore to blame,
Calling her proud that mee of ioyes depraued.
But vaine for shee had vowed to forsake mee,
And I to endles anguish must betake mee.

Sonnet. 26.

T pleased my Mistris once to take the aire,
Amid the vale of loue for her disporting.
The birds perceauing one so heauenly faire,
With other Ladies to the groue resorting.
Gan dolefully report my forrowes endles,
But shee nill listen to my woes repeating:
But did protest that I should forrow friendle
So liue I now and looke for ioyes deseating.
But ioyfull birds melodious harmonie,
Whose filuer tuned songs might well haue moued her:
Inforst the rest to rewe my miserie,
Though shee denyd to pittie him that lou'd her.
For shee had vowd her saire should neuer please me,
Yet nothing but her loue can once appease me.

Sonnet. 27.

Sonnet. 27.

He banke whereon I leand my reftles head,
Placd at the bottome of a mirtle tree:
I oft had watered with the teares I fhed,
Sad teares did with the fallen earth agree.
Since when the flocks that grafe vpon the plaine,
Doe in their kind lament my woes though dumbe:
And euery one as faithfull doth refraine
To eate that graffe which facred is become.
And euerie tree forbeareth to let fall,
Their dewie drops mongst any brinish teares:
Onelie the mirth* whose hart as mine is thrall,
To melt in forrowes fourse no whit forbeare.
So franticke loue with griefe our paind harts wringing,
That still we wept and still the graffe was springing.

Sonnet. 28.

Aft flowing teares from watery eies abounding,
In tract of time by forrow fo constrained:
And framd a fountaine in which Eccho founding,
The'nd of my plaints (vaine plaints of Loue distained.)
VVhen to the wel of mine owne eies weeping,
I gan repaire renewing former greeuing:
And endles moane Eccho me companie keeping,
Her vnreuealed woe my woe reuealing.
My forrowes ground was on her forrow grounded,
The Lad was faire but proud that her perplexed:
Her harts deepe wound was in my hart deepe wounded,
Faire and too proud is she that my hart vexed.
But faire and too proud must release harts pining,
Or hart must sigh and burst with ioies declining.

Sonnet. 29.

Aking a truce with teares fweete pleafures foe,

I thus began hard by the fountayne fide:

O deere copartner of my wretched woe,

No fooner faide but woe poore eccho cride.

Then I againe what woe did thee betide,

That can be greater than difdayne, difdayne:

Quoth eccho. Then fayd I O womens pride,

Pride answered echo. O inflicting payne,

When wofull eccho payne agayne repeated,

Redoubling forrow with a forrowing found:

For both of vs were now in forrow feated,

Pride and difdaine difdainefull pride the ground.

That forst poore Eccho mourne ay forrowing euer,

And me lament in teares ay joyning * neuer.

Sonnet. 30.

Bout the well which from mine eies did flow, The woefull witnes of harts defolation: Yet teares nor woe nor ought could worke com-Did diuers trees of fundry natures growe. [paffion, The mirrhe fweet bleeding in the latter wound, Into the christall waves her teares did power: As pittying me on whome blind loue did lower, Vpon whose backe I wrote my forrows ground, And on her rugged rind I wrote forlorne, Forlorne I wrote for forrowe me oppreffed: Oppressing forrowe had my hart distressed, And made the abject outcast of loues fcorne, The leaves confpiring with the winds fweet founding, With gentle murmor playnd my harts deepe wounding. Sonnet. 31. * ? ioying.

Sonnet. 31.

V Vrote vppon there fides to eke their plaining,

If fad laments might multiply their forrowe:

My loues faire lookes and eke my loues difdaining,

My loues coy lookes conftraines me pine for woe.

My loues difdaine which was her louers dolour:

My loues proud hart which my harts bliffe did banish:

My loues transparent beames and rosy colour,

The pride of which did cause my ioyes to vanish.

My loues bright shining beeautie like the starre,

That early rifeth fore for the sunnes appearance:

A guide vnto my thoughts that wandring arre,

Doth force me breath abroad my woes indurance.

O life forlorne, O loue vnkindly frowning,

Thy eies my heart dispaire my sad hope drowning.

Sonnet. 32.

Hose whose kind harts sweet pittie did attaint,
With ruthfull teares bemond my miseries:
Those which had heard my neuer ceasing plaint,
Or read my woes ingrauen on the trees.
At last did win my Ladie to confort them,
Vnto the fountaine of my flowing anguish:
VVhere she vnkind and they might boldly sport them,
VVhilst I meanewhile in forrows lappe did languish,
Their meaning was that she some teares should shed,
Into the well in pitty of my pining:
She gaue consent and putting forth her head,
Did in the well perceaue her beautic shining.
VVhich seeing she withdrew her head pust vp with prid
And would not shed a teare should I haue died.

Sonnet. 33.

Ome fay that women loue for to be praifed,
But droope when as they thinke their faire must
Ioying to haue their beauties glorie raised, [die:
By fames shril trompe aboue the starrie skie.
I then whome want of skill might be with drawing,
Extold her beautie not as yet deserued:
She said my words were flatterie and sayning,
For good intent to bad euent soone swerued.
Some say againe they will denie and take it,
I gaue my hart, my hart that dearly cost me:
No sooner offerd but she did forsake it,
Scorning my proffered gift so still she crost me.
But were I (alas I am not) salfe and truthles:
Then had she reason to be sterne and ruthles.

Sonnet. 34.

Hy liue I wretch and fee my ioyes decay,
VVhy liue I and no hope of loues aduancing:
VVhy doe myne eies behold the funnie day,
VVhy liue I wretch in hope of better chancing.
O wherefore tells my toung this dolefull tale,
That euery eare may heare my bitter plaint:
VVas neuer hart that yet bemond my bale,
VVhy liue I wretch my pangs in vaine to paint.
VVhy ftriue I gainft the ftreame or gainft the hill,
VVhy are my forrowes buried in the dust:
VVhy doe I toile and loose my labour still,
VVhy doe I feede on hope or bild on trust.
Since hope had neuer hap and trust finds treason,
VVhy liue I wretch disdainde and see no reason?

Sonnet. 35.

And reaue my troubled mynd from quiet rest:
Vyle cruell loue I find doth still remayne,
To breede debate within my grieued brest.
VVhen weary woe doth worke to wound my will,
And hart surchargd with forrow liues opressed:
My fowlen eyes then cannot wayle there fill,
Sorrow is fo far spent and I distressed.
My toung hath not the cunning skill to tell,
The smallest greise that gripes my throbbing hart:
Myne eies haue not the secret power to swell,
Into such hugie seas of wounding smart.
That will might melt to waues of bitter woe,
And I might swelt or drowne in sorrowes so.

Sonnet. 36.

Y waterie eies let fall no trickling teares,
But flouds that ouer flow abundantly:
VVhose spring and sountaine first inforst by seares,
Doth drowne my hart in waues of misery.
My voice is like vnto the raging wind,
VVhich roareth still and neuer is at rest:
The diuers thoughts that tumble in my minde,
Are restlesse like the wheele that wherles alway.
The smokie sighes that boyle out of my brest,
Are farre vnlike to those which others vse:
For Louers sighes sometimes doe take their rest,
And lends their minds a little space to muse.
But mine are like vnto the surging seas,
VVhom tempest calme nor quiet can appease.

Sonnet. 37.

Here may I now my carefull corps conuay,
From company the worker of my woe:
How may I winke or hide mine eies alwaies,
VVhich gase on that whereof my griefe doth growe,
How shall I seeme my sighes for to suppresse,
VVhich helpe the hart which else would swelt in sunder,
VVhich hurts the helpe that makes my torment lesse:
VVhich helps and hurts, O woefull wearie wonder,
How now, but thus in solitarie wise:
To step aside and make hie waie to moane,
To make two sountaines of my dasled eies,
To sigh my fill till breath and all be gone.
To die in forrow and in woe repent me,
That loue at last would though too late lament me.

Sonnet. 38.

And pitty take of teares from eies diftilling:

To beare these forrowes well I could content me,
And ten times more to suffer would be willing.

If the would daine to grace me with her fauour,
The thought thereof sustained greise should banish:
And in beholding of her rare behauiour,
A smyle of her should force dispaire to vanishe:
But she is bent to tiran[i]ze vpon me,
Dispaire perswades there is no hope to haue her:
My hart doth whisper I am woe begone me,
Then cease my vaine plaints and desist to craue her.
Here end my forrowes here my falt teares stint I,
For shes obdurate, sterne, remorseles, slintie.

Sonnet. 39.

Eere end my forrow, no here my forrow fpringeth,
Here end my woe, no here begins my wailing:
Here cease my griese, no here my griese deepe
Sorrow, woe, griese, nor ought else is auailing. [wringeth
Here cease my teares, no here begins eies weeping,
Here end my plaints, no here begins my pining:
Here hart be free, no sighes in hart still keeping,
Teares, plaints, and sighes, all cause of ioyes declining.
Here end my loue, no here doth loue inspire me,
Here end my life, no let not death desire me,
Loue, hope, and life, and all with me must perish.
For forrow, woe, griese, teares, and plaints oft plained,
Sighes, loue, hope, life, and I, must die disdained.

Sonnet. 40.

Twixt myrth and mone doth plague me euermore:
For pleafant talke or musicks melodie,
Yelds no such salue vnto my secret sore.
For still I liue in spight of cruell death,
And die againe in spight of lingring life:
Feede still with hope which doth prolong my breath,
But choackt with seare and strangled still with strue,
VVitnes the daies which I in dole consume,
And weary nights beare record of my woe:
O wronge sull world which makst my fancie sume,
Fie fickle Fortune sie thou art my soe.
O heauie hap so froward is my chance,
No daies nor nights nor worlds can me aduance.

Sonnet. 41.

Sonnet. 41.

Mperious loue who in the prime of youth,

I light efteemed as an idle toy:
Though late thy fierie dart hath caufd my ruth,
And turned fweet happines to darke annoy.

VVhy haft thou pleafure in my harts deepe groning,
And doft not rew and pittie my vexations?

VVhy haft thou ioy at my laments and moning,
And art not moued at my imprecations?

VVhy haft thou stroke my hart with swift defire,
And perft my Ladies eies with fell distaine?

VVhy hath fond fancie fet my thoughts on fire,
And pent my hart in prison of fad paine?

VVhy am I drownd in dolors neuer ceasing,
My ioies still fading, and my woes increasing.

Sonnet. 42.

Thou that rulest in Ramnis golden gate,

Let pittie pierce the vnrelenting mind:
Vnlade me of the burthen cruell fate,
(Fell enuious fates too cruell and vnkind)
Haue heapt vpon me by too froward loue,
Too froward loue the enemie of fortune:
Whose fierce affaults my hart (too late) did proue,
My sillie hart which forrow did importune.
Yet in thy power is my harts redeeming,
My harts redeeming from vile thraldomes force:
Vile thrall to one my forrowes not esteeming,
Though shee be cruell yet haue thou remorce.
Be thou to me no more inconstant variable,
But let thy fickle wheele rest firme and stable.

Sonnet. 43.

Ong haue I fwome against the wished waue,

But now constrained by a lothsome life:

I greedilie doe seeke the greedie graue,
To make an end of all these stormers and strife.

Sweete death giue end to my tormenting woes,
And let my passions penetrate thy brest:

Suffer my heart which doth such grieses inclose
By timelie sates inioie eternall rest.

Let me not dwell in dole sith thou maist ease me,
Let me not languish in such endles durance:
One happie stroke of thy sad hand will please me,
Please me good death it is thy procurance.

To end my harts griese (heart shee did abhorre thee)
O hast thee gentle death I linger for thee.

Sonnet. 44.

Ong haue I fued to fortune death and loue,
But fortune, loue, nor death will daine to hear me:
I fortunes frowne, deaths fpight, loues horror proue,
And must in loue dispairing liue I feare me.
Loue wounded me, yet nill recure my wounding,
And yet my plaints haue often him inuoked:
Fortune hath often heard my forrowes founding,
Sorrowes which my poore hart haue welnigh choked.
Death well might haue beene moued when I lamented,
But cruell death was dease when I complained:
Death, loue, and fortune all might haue relented,
But fortune, loue, and death, and all discained.
To pittie me or ease my restles minde,
How can they choose fince they are bold and blinde.

Sonnet. 45.

Sonnet. 45.

Hen neither fighs nor forrowes were of force
I let my Miftres fee my naked breft:
Where view of wounded hart might worke reAnd moue her mind to pittie my vnreft. [morce,
VVith stedfast eie shee gazed on my hart,
Wherein shee saw the picture of her beautie:
Which hauing seene as one agast shee start,
Accusing all my thoughts with breach of ductie.
As if my hart had robd her of her faire,
No, no, her saire bereaud my hart of ioy:
And sates distaine hath kild me with dispaire,
Dispaire the fountaine of my sad annoy.
And more, alas, a cruell one I ferued,
Lest loued of her whose loue I most deserved.

Sonnet. 46.

Y Miftres feeing her faire counterfet
So fweetelie framed in my bleeding breft:
On it her fancie shee so firmelie set,
Thinking her selfe for want of it distrest.
Enuying that anie should inioy her Image,
Since all vnworthie were of such an honor:
Tho gan shee me command to leaue my gage,
The first end of my ioy, last cause of dolor.
But it so fast was fixed to my hart.
Ioind with vnseparable sweete commixture,
That nought had force or power them to part:
Here take my hart quoth I, with it the picture,
But oh coy Dame intollerable smart.
Rather then touch my hart or come about it,
She turnd her face and chose to goe without it.

Sonnet. 47. Ehold deare Mistres how each pleasant greene,

Will now renew his fommers liuerie:
The fragrant flowers which haue not long beene feene,
Will flourish now ere long in brauerie.
But I alas within whose mourning mind,
The grafts of griefe are onelie giuen to grow:
Cannot inioy the spring which others find,
But still my will must wither all in woe.
The lustie ver that whilome might exchange,
My griefe to ioy, and my delight increase:
Springs now else where and showes to me but strange,
My winters woe therefore can neuer cease.
In other coasts his sunne doth clearely shine,
And comfort lend to euery mould but mine.

Sonnet. 48.

And winters rage inforft to hide their head:
Will fpring and fprowt as they doe now begin,
That euerie one will ioy to fee them fpread.
But cold of care fo nips my ioies at roote,
There is no hope to recouer what is loft:
No funne doth shine that well can doe it boote,
Yet still I striue but loose both toile and cost.
For what can spring that seeles no force of ver,
What hower can flourish where no sunne doth shine:
These balles deare loue, within my brest I beare,
To breake my barke and make my pith to pine.
Needs must I fall, I sade both root and rinde,
My branches bowe at blast of euerie winde.

Sonnet. 49.

Iana and her nimphs in filuane brooke. Did wash themselves in secret farre apart: But bold Acteon dard on them to looke, For which faire Phabe turnd him to a Hart. His hounds vnweeting of his fodaine change, Did hale and pull him downe with open crie: He then repenting that he fo did range, Would speake but could not, so did sigh and die. But my Diana fairer and more cruel, Bereft me of my hart and in disdaine: Hath turnd it out to feede on fancies fuel. And liue in bondage and eternal paine. So hartles doe I liue yet cannot die, Defire the dog, doth chase it to and fro: Vnto her brest for succour it doth slie, If shee debarre it whither shall it go. Now lives my hart in danger to be flaine, Vnlesse her hart my hart wil entertaine.

Sonnet. 50.

And, hart and eie, tucht thought and did behold,
The onelie glorie that on earth doth grow:
Hand quakt, hart fighd, but eie was foolish bold,
To gaze til gazing wrought harts grounded woe.
The obiect of these senses heauenlie faint,
With such a maiestie did me appall:
As hand to write her praise did seare and faint,
And heart did bleede to thinke me Beauties thrall.
But eie more hardie than the hand or hart,
Did glorie in her eies reslecting light:
And yet that light did breede my endles smart.
And yet mine eies nill leaue there former sight.
But gazing pine, which eie, hand, hart doth trie,
And what I loue, is but hand, hart, and eie.

Sonnet. 51.

Sonnet. 51.

Ach tree did boast the wished spring times pride,

When solitarie in the vale of loue:

I hid my selse so from the world to hide,

The vncouth passions which my hart did proue.

No tree whose branches did not brauelie spring

No branch whereon a fine bird did not sit:

No bird but did her shrill notes sweetelie sing,

No song but did containe a louelie dit.

Trees, branches, birds, and songs were framed saire.

Fit to allure fraile minde to careles ease:

But carefull was my thought, yet in dispaire,

I dwelt, for brittle hope me cannot please.

For when I view my loues saire eies reslecting,

I entertaine dispaire, vaine hope rejecting.

Sonnet. 52.

Ach Creature ioyes Appollos happie fight, [ing And feede themfelues with his fayre beames reflect-Nyght wandering trauelers at Cinthias fight, Clere vp their clowdy thoughts fond fere reiecting But darke difdayne eclipfed hath my fun, VVhofe shining beames my wandering thought were For want whereof my litle worlde is done [guiding, That I vnneath can stay my mind from sliding, O happie birds that at your pleasure maie: Behold the glorious light of fols a raies, Most wretched I borne in some dismall daie: That cannot see the beames my sun displaies, My glorious sun in whome all vertue shrowds, That light the world but shines to me in clowds.

Sonnet. 53.

That like a mastles shipe at seas I wander:
For want of her to guide my hart that pineth,
Yet can I not entreat ne yet command her.
So am I tied in Laborinths of sancy,
In darke and obscure Laborinths of loue:
That euerie one may plaine behold that can see,
How I am setterd and what paines I proue.
The Lampe whose light should lead my ship about,
Is placed vpon my Mistres heauenlie sace.
Her hand doth hold the clew must lead me out,
And free my hart from thraldomes lothed place.
But cleane to lead me out or Lampe to light me,
She scornesullie denide the more to spight me.

Sonnet. 54.

Lame me not deere loue though I talke at randon.
Terming thee fcornefull, proud, vnkind, difdaineful Since all I doe cannot my woes abandon,
Or ridde me of the yoake I feele fo painefull.
If I doe paint thy pride or want of pittie,
Confider likewife how I blafe thy beautie:
Inforced to the first in mournefull dittie,
Conftrained to the last by feruile dutie:
And take thou no offence if I misdeemed,
Thy beauties glorie quencheth thy prides blemish:
Better it is of all to be esteemed,
Faire and too proud than not faire and too squemishe.
And seeing thou must fcorne and tis aprooued,
Scorne to be ruthles since thou art beloued.

Sonnet. 55.

Y loue more bright than Cinthias horned head,
That fpreads her wings to beautifie the heauens:
When Titan coucheth in his purple bed,
Thou liuest by Titan and inioiest his beames.
Shee slies when he begins to run his race,
And hides her head his beautie staines her brightnes:
Thou staiest thy beautie yeelds the funne no place,
For thou excelst his beames in glories sweetnes.
Shee hath eclips, thou neuer doest eclips,
Shee sometimes wanes thy glorie still doth waxe:
None but Endymyon hangeth at her lips,
Thy beautie burnes the world as fire doth flaxe.
Shee shines by months, thou houres, months, and yeares,
Oh that such beautie should inforce such teares.

Sonnet. 56.

Ere words diffolued to fighs, fighs into teares,
And euerie teare to torments of the mind:
The minds diffresse into those deadly seares,
That find more death than death it selfe can find.
VVere all the woes of all the world in one,
Sorrow and death set downe in all their pride:
Yet were they insufficient to bemone,
The restles horrors that my hart doth hide.
Where blacke dispaire doth seede on euerie thought,
And deepe dispaire is cause of endles griese:
Where euerie sense with forrowes ouer-wrought,
Liues but in death dispairing of reliese.
Whilst thus my heart with loues plague torne asunder,
May of the world be cald the wosull wonder.

Sonnet. 57.

Sonnet. 57.

He hunted Hare fometime doth leaue the Hound,
My Hart alas is neuer out of chace:
The liue-hounds life fometime is yet vnbound,
My bands are hopeles of fo high a grace.
For natures fickenes fometimes may haue eafe,
Fortune though fickle fometime is a friend:
The minds affliction patience may appeafe,
And death is caufe that many torments end.
Yet I am ficke, but shee that should resore me,
VVithholds the facred blame that would recure me:
And fortune eke (though many eyes deplore me,)
Nill lend such chance that might to ioy procure me.
Patience wants power to appease my weeping,
And death denies what I haue long beene feeking.

Sonnet. 58.

Hen as I marke the ioy of euery wight, [ceafeth Howe in their mindes deepe throbbing forrow And by what meanes they nourish their delight, Their sweet delight my paine the more increaseth. For as the Deare that sees his fellow seede, Amid the lufty heard, himselfe fore brused:

Or as the bird that seeles her selfe to bleede, And lies aloose of all her pheeres resused.

So haue I found and now too deerely trie, That pleasure doubleth paine and blisse annoy:

Yet still I twit my selfe of Surcuidrie, As one that am vnworthy to inioy.

The lasting frute of such a heauenly loue, For whom these endles forrowes I approue.

Sonnet. 59.

Ft haue I raild against loue many waies, But pardon loue I honour now thy power: For were my Pallace Greece Pyramides, Cupid should there erect a stately bower. And in my Pallace fing his fugred fongs, And Venus Doues my felfe will finely feede: And nurce her fparrowes and her milke white Swans. Yea, in my reftles bosome should they breede. And thou deare Ladie facred and divine, Shalt have thy place within my hart affignd: Thy picture yea thy fierie darting eien, Ile carrie painted in my grieued mind. The chiefest coullers shall be scarlet blood. Which Cupid pricketh from my wofull hart: And teares commixt shall further forth my good, To paint thy glories cording their defart. I now am changed from what I woont to be, Cupid is God, And there is none but he.

Sonnet. 60.

Ho taught thee first to figh Alasse sweet heart? loue.

VVho taught thy tongue to marshall words of plaint? loue. VVho fild thine eies with teares of bitter fmart? louc. VVho gaue thee griefe and made thy ioyes fo faint? loue. VVho first did paint with coullers pale thy face? loue. VVho first did breake thy sleepes of quiet rest? loue. VVho forft thee vnto wanton loue give place? loue. VVho thrald thy thoughts in fancie fo diffrest? loue. VVho made thee bide both conflant firme and fure. loue. VVho made thee fcome the world and loue thy friend? loue. VVho made thy mind with patience paines indure? loue. VVho made thee fettle fledfast to the end. louc. Then loue thy choice though loue be neuer gained,

Still liue in loue, dispaire not though disdained.

FINIS. T. W.

B







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